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THE BRIDE OF PARIS:

—OR,—

THE ROLL OF THE DRUM.

A Romance of the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, and the Days of Napoleon the Great.

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CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

The neophyte waited for the word to strike—fixing the executioner in this attitude by his glittering eye, which had the fascination of the serpent's, the chief of the Secret Order bent forward, and then, starting suddenly erect, shouted:

"Hold! for your life! Throw down your axe."

Lorraine dropped the hateful weapon, and fell to the ground in a swoon. When he recovered, the brethren were around him bathing his temples with cold water—the axe and block had disappeared—in its place stood the altar garlanded with flowers. The late prisoner—(he was named Robert Clermont) was kneeling beside him, clasping his hands. When he had fully recovered his senses, the chief, advancing to his side, suspended round his neck by a blue ribbon a small metallic star with five points enamelled with deep crimson.

"Brother! You have sustained the last ordeal!" said the chief. "You are now fully affiliated. We can trust our lives and fortunes in your hands. The whole scene that has just transpired was a contrivance to test your loyalty and courage. Brother Clermont, who lately kneeled at your feet and sued for mercy, is as pure and true as yourself. And now, brothers, resume your seats."

The chief again took the chair, and order and silence once more reigned in the assembly. The quiet was broken by a loud knocking at the door. The brother in charge of it, after the usual formula, opened it, and a man, in a shabby and soiled dress, a white cloth stained with blood bound round his head, rushed into the hall.

"Brothers!" he exclaimed. "The hour for deliberation has passed. The people have been shot and stabbed in the streets of Paris. I myself bear about me the marks of Lambesq's sabres. They have murdered our brethren. The blood of the people cries aloud for vengeance—and the people themselves are rising in mass. Let us go among them and lead them to battle."

"But the people have no arms, Brother Villiers," said the chief.

"We will go and take them!" cried the newcomer. "In the Hotel des Invalides are fifty thousand muskets and fifty pieces of artillery. Already the people have seized on a depot of balls and powder. The regiment of French guards is with us to a man! To arms! to arms!"

"And whither when armed!" asked a brother.

"Whither! do you ask!" replied the orator. "To the Bastille! To the stronghold of tyranny in the heart of the capital! There must the first blow be struck. The hour has arrived, and the tocsin of liberty will soon peal from every steeple."

A wild shout of enthusiasm broke through the hall, and the assembly was adjourned to the street. As they poured out of the house with wild cries, they met with answering cries in the Faubourg, which was swarming with people. Lorraine, Rochefort and Villiers locked arms, declaring that they would not lose sight of each other.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES. THE CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE.

The vast crowd into which our friends now plunged was tending in the same direction, and flowed like a mighty river, swelled by tributary streams from the lateral streets, towards the Hotel des Invalides; the retreat provided by government for the old soldiers of France. The crowd was made up of diverse elements. A large proportion were laboring men, many in their shirt-sleeves. Mingled with these were well-clad citizens, shop-keepers and master mechanics. There were numbers of country people, haggard, wan figures with long staves, whose emaciated countenances told the dreadful story of the famine that was then raging in the rural districts. And then again were horrid faces, gleaming with ferocity and evil passions—faces only seen in the darkest hour of trouble and disorder. Many of these men were armed with pikes—weapons destined to be terribly famous in days to come, and of which the municipal committee had ordered fifty thousand to be forged. Here and there was seen the well-known and popular uniform of the French guards, who had espoused the cause of the people, and had fallen under the ban of Besenval, the commandant of the troops of the military school in the neighborhood of the Hotel des Invalides. Most of the guards and most of the people wore the tri-colored cockade—blue and red, the colors of the city of Paris, with the addition of the white, the national color of France. "I give you," Lafayette had said, in distributing these colors, "a cockade that will make the circuit of the world."

"Villiers," said Gerard to his companion, "where is all this to end?"

"In liberty—in the triumph of right over might," replied Villiers. "The soil beneath our feet is mined. We tread the crater of a volcano, the hour of eruption has arrived."

"You think an eruption inevitable?"

"Do you doubt it?" rejoined Villiers. "Where have you been these few days past?"

"Had you witnessed, as I did, the charge of the royal mercenaries on the people, the peaceable people returning to their homes from the garden of the Tuileries on Sunday night—the day before yesterday—had you seen an old man flying from the tumult ruthlessly cut down by the sabres of the dragoons, you would not ask these questions. All Paris was roused by the occurrence. Fifty thousand men yesterday surrounded the City Hall and asked the electors to give them arms. Forty thousand have been enrolled for the defence of the city. We have powder and ball—and now we will have guns."

"And with arms what do you propose to do?"

"A deed that will ring throughout the world," replied Villiers. "We will storm the Bastille. Yes, of that accursed fortress—the stronghold of tyranny—the prison-house of innocence, there shall not remain one stone upon another. All day yesterday, the people, as they passed under its black shadow, menaced it with their clenched hands and cursed it with their lips, as they had hitherto cursed it in their hearts. De Launey is alarmed. He is prepared for defence. He dares to threaten the city with the muzzles of his guns. His artillery is trained to bear on the street St. Antoine."

"But you must have cannon to attack him."

"We will have it."

"And artillerists to work your pieces."

"Have we not the French guards?"

"But the king—the court?"

"The counsels of the court," said Villiers, "are distracted. The king of himself is well-meaning but weak. The haughty Austrian, Marie Antoinette, the proud and pampered nobles, the foreign officers, carry the day. Yet even they begin to tremble, and dare not detach their mercenaries from the defence of Versailles. Besenval, at the military school, receives no orders. De Launey at the Bastille receives no orders. These men act on their own responsibility. Yesterday Paris thought only of defence. To-day Paris thinks only of attack. I tell you the people are beginning to feel their might—this day will test it."

"But the electors at the Hotel de Ville—the leaders of the people—did they project the attack?"

"They? No! They have as yet no faith in the might of the people," answered Villiers; "and they dread the Bastille. No one has proposed the attack—but the idea is fermenting in the hearts of the people, and it will work out its accomplishment. Listen to any group conversing in the street. You will hear the name of the Bastille oftener than any other."

"But it is a terribly strong fortress," said Rochefort, with a shudder.

"It is," said Villiers, "and deemed impregnable—yet I am certain it will fall. I am certain—because I believe liberty to be mightier than despotism. I know that within the Bastille, there are plenty of provisions, and powder enough to blow up half of the city. The walls of its towers are forty feet thick at the base, and ten feet at the summit. Its batteries command the Marais and the whole of the Faubourg St. Antoine. It has three gateways, one within the other; it is loopholed for cross-firing, and the garrison could dispute every inch of the way to the inner courtyard—but in spite of all this, I am sure that the Bastille will fall."

"The people are indeed desperate," said Rochefort. "Last night the powder seized at the arsenal and deposited at the Hotel de Ville was distributed to the crowd. Three men doled out the cartridges—and they were so slow that the crowd became exasperated and broke into the magazine. I tell you, it made my blood run cold, to see the fire flying from the nails as they beat in the door with iron sledges. But here we are at the Invalides!"

Before them rose the towers of the venerable building. A prodigious multitude crowded the esplanade and were heaped in a solid mass before the low wall which bristled with cannon, the gunners standing at their pieces with lighted matches in their hands. In the courtyard of the military school, not far distant, a few soldiers were seen under arms. Within the iron gateway of the Invalides stood Sombreuil, the governor, a brave old soldier devoted to the royal cause. The vast crowd swayed to and fro like the restless tide of the ocean, and hoarse murmurs rang along its billows.

The three brothers of the Mystic Star forced their way to the vicinity of the gate.

"Fall back!" said the governor. "Fall back and disperse. Go to your homes or to your work. If I have arms, they are subject to the order of my king. An old soldier knows how to do his duty."

"Paris this day is free!" shouted a man of the people, who towered, head and shoulders above the crowd, a massive Hercules, with a fiery black eye, and a voice that rang like a trumpet. "In the name of the people of Paris, I demand your arms."

A murmur of approbation, like the roar of a tempest, greeted the words of the champion of the people.

"Do you know him?" asked Gerard of Rochefort.

"Well," replied the other. "His name is Thuriot—a man fitted to raise and rule the storm."

"Fall back! I warn ye!" shouted the governor. "Fall back, rebels. If you do not instantly disperse, I will fire on you, and sweep you from the esplanade."

"Fall back yourself!" shouted Thuriot. "Men of Paris! we have no arms, but we will soon have them. Do you fear these men? Let us rush upon the gate and bear it down. What are a few lives lost in a glorious attempt?"

The multitude replied to this appeal by fierce huzzas! and pressed forward, bearing their Herculean champion in front.

"Gunners! to your pieces!" cried Sombreuil. "And fire on the rebels. Give them grape and death from all your muzzles!"

The veteran soldiers, motionless as statues, stood erect at their guns.

"'Sdeath!" shouted Sombreuil, brandishing his drawn sword. "Don't you hear me? Fire!"

Thuriot shouted in a voice of thunder:

"The gunners of the Invalides will not harm their brothers. We came not to violate the asylum of French valor, but only to seek the arms hid in the hotel. We must repel force by force. Gunners! you will not slay your brethren."

These ringing words sent a thrill through the bosoms of the veterans of Fontenoy. These gallant men, accustomed to fight the enemies of France, could not make up their minds to massacre their unarmed brethren. With one voice they exclaimed to Sombreuil:

"We cannot, and we ought not to obey you."

And they trod out the fire from their matches. Further resistance on the part of the governor was useless after the defection of his gunners. The gate being open for the passage of a deputy of the city, who had been on a mission to Sombreuil, the crowd rushed in. A vast quantity of muskets had been hidden in various parts of the hotel. The populace ransacked it from top to bottom like tigers seeking for their prey. The principal part of the arms was in the cellars. Thither the people rushed furiously. Muskets, sabres, bayonets and pistols were swept up in an instant, and twenty-five thousand serviceable guns were soon in the hands of the invaders. Pouring out of the building, they seized on twenty pieces of cannon, and with these trophies of their bloodless victory, they marched out of the courtyard, cheering the veterans as they moved by. On the esplanade without the gates, they halted spontaneously. The giant Thuriot sprang on a gun-carriage and addressed the multitude.

"Fellow-citizens," said he, "the first step has been taken. We have arms and ammunition. Let your rendezvous be the square of the Hotel de Ville."

"But you will lead us thither?" cried a voice.

"No," replied Thuriot. "I will go direct to the Bastille, and summon De Launey to surrender."

"Alone?" shouted a dozen voices, in amazement.

"Alone! I fear not to enter the lion's den. Yet stay—let some one go with me to see that I perform my duty. Who will volunteer?"

There was a pause of some moments. The idea of confronting De Launey in his stronghold seemed so wild and desperate, that no one appeared willing to share the adventure with its projector.

"No matter," said Thuriot. "I will go alone then."

"This will never do," said Gerard to his friends. "I will go with him."

"Are you mad?" said Rochefort.

"No, but I am resolved. If I fall, the brothers of the Mystic Star will avenge me."

He advanced to the gun on which the giant champion was mounted, and said:

"I will go with you!"

"Good!" said Thuriot. "Your hand, brother. You are a brave man. Your name?"

"Gerard Lorraine."

"Friends!" said Thuriot, to the people, pointing out Gerard. "I have a companion. This brave man will go with me."

A loud cheer ratified the engagement. Thuriot jumped down from the gun-carriage, and taking Gerard by the arm moved through the crowd who made way for them as they advanced. Many, curious to learn the issue of this adventure, followed their rapid steps, while the principal mass, with their twenty pieces of artillery, took up the line of march to the Hotel de Ville, where the electors of the people were assembled anxiously deliberating on the movements of the day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE.

On their way, Thuriot, who appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with all the great movements of the day—movements of which he appreciated the terrible significance, informed Lorraine that a deputation from the city had waited on the governor, and promised that if his guns that menaced Paris were withdrawn, no attack should be made.

"The governor readily agreed," said Thuriot, "and was so overjoyed at the arrangement, that he made the deputies breakfast with him."

"And what inference is to be drawn from that?" asked Gerard.

"By the extent of his joy we can measure his previous fear and guage his weakness," answered Thuriot. "De Launey is no soldier, else he would never have admitted the deputation. His garrison is a handful of men. A part of them are Swiss—they are mere machines who load and fire at the word of command, but the detachment of Invalides have the souls of Frenchmen. Our hope lies in their defection. The Invalides at the hotel this morning refused to fire on the people: the Invalides at the Bastille will be reluctant to do so. I tell you that De Launey dreads the people, and well he may. If the people hate the Bastille, the blind implement of tyranny—with more reason do they hate and abhor De Launey, who exceeds the commands of tyranny itself in his oppression of the people. The wretch has 60,000 livres a year salary—he doubles that sum by his atrocious robberies. His household is supported at the expense of the prisoners. He has reduced their fuel, their wine and their furniture."

"Villain!" said Gerard, between his clenched teeth.

"Listen," said Thuriot. "There was one sunny spot—one gleam of light in that dark life of the Bastille. There is a little garden on a bastion where the prisoners used to enjoy a glimpse of the light of heaven and the perfume of flowers. For a paltry sum of money he has let this patch of ground to a gardener—and now the prisoners have no light—no air."

"It is dreadful," said Gerard.

"Believe me," said Thuriot, "this base man trembles in his stronghold. He knows that his name is a by-word and an infamy throughout Europe. The furious cries of the people that reach him from a distance, he takes to himself as well he may—and his heart beats loud with fear. But in this heart," said Thuriot, laying his hand upon his breast, "there is no fear. The champion of the people must know not a moment of weakness, and it is in the strength of the people's confidence, that I am here to-day."

They were now within the black shadow of the Bastille, arrived at its outer defences. Thuriot had furnished himself with a pike staff, around which a white flag was rolled. He now unfurled it, and advancing to the first drawbridge, which had been lowered to permit the egress of the deputation from the Hotel de Ville, he demanded entrance in the name of the people of Paris. The sentinel hesitated and communicated with the governor. The governor hesitated, but finally allowed Thuriot to enter the first courtyard. Here he met him and inquired his business.

"I communicate with you only in the interior of the fortress," replied Thuriot.

For a moment the hot blood mounted to the temples of the royal governor; but the crimson tide receded to his heart, his cheeks became blanched with a strange fear, and he silently led the way across the second ditch over the drawbridge.

Thuriot and his companion now stood with the governor, in front of the enormous gateway of open ironwork which closed the innermost courtyard, that looked like a deep and dark wall of which the eight round towers of the Bastille, connected by lofty curtains of ponderous masonwork, formed the sides. At the foot of the stone giants was the narrow space allotted for the daily walk of the prisoners—a spot that reminded the shuddering spectator of the valley of the shadow of death. On one side, a clock, placed between two statues representing captives in chains, as if time itself were fettered, marked the slow, dragging march of the melancholy, hopeless hours. On the gateway might have been inscribed with propriety the words that Dante affixes to the entrance of his *Inferno*; "Leave ye all hope behind, who enter here."

At this point the governor's staff surrounded him. Beside them the garrison were under arms, and as Thuriot stood he could look into the black muzzles of the loaded cannon placed in battery.

But nothing could shake the intrepidity of Thuriot. As he stood, drawn up to his full height, his right hand firmly grasping his banner-staff, his eye blazing and his brow serene, he, the man of the people, looked more like the commander of the place, than the official personage who now stood before him, awaiting his movements with anxiety. The staff officers shared the perturbation of the governor, and even the soldiers, though they stood in rank like carved statues, testified the keenest interest in the bearer of the white flag.

"Sir," said Thuriot, in a clear, resonant voice, distinctly heard at the utmost limits of the inner courtyard, "I summon you, in the name of the people, in the name of honor, and in the name of the country, to withdraw your cannon and surrender the Bastille."

A dead, uneasy silence followed these bold words.

"Soldiers!" continued Thuriot, addressing the garrison, "I summon you too, to lay down your arms and surrender."

These words had a visible effect upon the Invalides. In defiance of the rules of discipline, they conversed in low tones with each other; but the Swiss guards, on whom the words were lost, maintained their statue-like rigidity.

De Launey did not reply with the bold defiance befitting a soldier and a gentleman. His tone was even apologetic and sad.

"I have been already waited on by a deputation from the city," said he. "I have agreed to stand only on the defensive, and in proof of my sincerity, the guns that have menaced Paris have been withdrawn from the embrasures. Are you satisfied?"

"I require something more than your word," replied the messenger, sadaciously.

The governor colored.

"I demand to ascend the towers and examine the batteries for myself," said Thuriot.

"This is too much!" said the governor, his pride as a soldier and a gentleman rallying to his support. "I have shown you too much indulgence—you have penetrated too far already."

But his officers crowded about him and whispered anxiously in his ear. After a few moments, De Launey turned to the messenger with a mortified and humbled air.

"Follow me, sir," said he.

"My companion, too?" said Thuriot.

"Yes," said De Launey, after a moment's hesitation, and a sharp glance at Gerard. "He can come, too."

He led the way up a dark and winding staircase, closely followed by Thuriot and Lorraine. At last they emerged on the summit of the works. The cannon had been drawn back and masked, indeed, but they still pointed to the street St. Antoine. Thuriot seized a rammer and tried some of the pieces. They were all heavily charged. Then advancing with De Launey to the edge of the parapet, he looked down from that awful height of a hundred and fifty feet, upon the mapped-out streets of the city at their feet. The streets were alive with people. In the garden of the arsenal swarmed bands of pikemen. And lo! on the other side, a dense column, like

a huge black serpent, slowly uncoiling its vast length, their arms glittering like the scales on the body of an anaconda.

The governor's cheek grew pale. He seized Thuriot's arm with a convulsive grasp.

"What have you done?" he exclaimed. "You've abused the flag you carry. You've betrayed me."

Two soldiers separated De Launey and Thuriot, from Gerard Lorraine—creatures of the governor, and sworn to defend him with their lives. De-Launey stood within his own stronghold, his word and will were law. He grasped his enemy's arm, and that enemy stood on the brink of the precipice, with hostile bayonets behind him. The power of vengeance was in his hands, and yet it was De Launey who trembled—the man of the people who menaced.

"Another such word," said Thuriot, sternly, "and it will be your last."

And he pointed into the abyss below. De-Launey recoiled with a shudder.

"For God's sake," said one of the sentinels, advancing to Thuriot, "show yourself to the people—they are pressing forward. If they do not see you, they will attack us."

And in fact, the crisis appeared imminent. The crowd that now swayed around the base of the fortress was menacing and stormy.

Thuriot showed himself between the battlements, and waving his white flag attracted the attention of the multitude, whose applauding cheers rent the air. He now descended with the governor and Lorraine, conducted through the inner courtyard, in which he paused and again addressed the garrison.

"Don't be afraid, my good fellows," said he. "I am going to make my report to the electors. I hope the people will not refuse a civic-guard to protect your lives."

Again the blood mounted to the cheeks of De-Launey at this fresh insolence, but he suffered the haughty partizan and his companion to go forth. Thuriot cleared his way through the crowd, disdaining to answer the questions which were showered upon him, but Lorraine, intensely incited by the popular demonstration, took leave of him, preferring to stay and await the action of the people. After the departure of Thuriot, the rumor ran among the crowd, ever suspicious at such a crisis, that their delegate had proved a traitor to his trust. Then arose low murmurs. The most furious agitation reigned throughout the multitude. "If the Bastille were not taken," they said, "the city would be laid in ashes." A thousand wild schemes for storming the fortress were suggested. Every moment fresh arrivals swelled the ranks of the populace—it seemed as if the city had poured out its entire population to the base of the grim fortress that towered over their heads like a mass of solid rock. In the midst of the tumult and excitement, an old gray-headed man was seen to clamber, axe in hand, to the roof of a shed from which he could reach the chains of the first drawbridge, raised after the departure of the people's messenger. The first blow of his axe on the ringing metal was the signal for a rapid fusillade from the fortress. But the old man had been under fire many a time in a long military service, and as the balls pattered round him on the roof, he only plied his strokes more vigorously. The immense multitude was hushed in a moment. Nothing was heard but the clang of the axe, the rattling of the chains, and the rapid reports of the musketry. Hurrah! the chains part; and with a cloud of dust and a rumbling sound, down thunders the swinging bridge. The people poured over and filled the court. In an instant, from base to summit of the towers, issued flash, smoke and report, as musket followed musket in a rattling volley. Too truly aimed were many of the weapons. Here and there one of the assailants fell and was carried off bleeding by his comrades. A hundred muskets from the crowd replied to the shots from the fortress, but the balls were flattened against the huge stones of the tower, and rebounded harmlessly. Meanwhile, a deputation from the Hotel de Ville arrived, to summon the fortress and stay the effusion of blood. But, involved in the furious mass of combatants, shrouded in smoke and fire, they were unseen.

Another deputation soon followed, headed by the city solicitor, and preceded by a drum and flag of truce. The soldiers on the towers perceiving them, ceased firing, reversed their arms, and hoisted the white flag. The fire of the besiegers instantly ceased, and the city deputation, followed by large numbers of people, entered the courtyard. De Launey was then surrounded by the Swiss guards. Whether he had not seen the signals on the towers, or whether he was mastered by desperation and the thirst for vengeance—it matters not. He commanded the fire, and a blaze along the line carried death into the ranks of the deputies and the people. They rushed out carrying their dead, and swearing vengeance. All thought of truce was thrown to the winds. The people recoiled to strike the deadlier blow. The die was now cast. At the city hall, the electors yielded five pieces of artillery, and, strengthened by the French guards, whom nothing could now hold back, the multitude poured against the Bastille in two solid columns, one headed by Hullin, a clockmaker of Geneva, originally, but now a servant in some noble family; the other, by Elie, a soldier of fortune, wearing the brilliant uniform of the Queen's Own. Thus "the liveries of servitude guided the people to the combat of liberty." Still the Bastille appeared impregnable. Of the hundreds of shots fired by the assailants, only one took effect, killing a Swiss in an embrasure; on the other hand, before the fire of the garrison the besiegers were constantly falling. The terror of the scene was heightened by the burning of the guard house and offices, the lurid flames of which flickered with a ghastly light on the stern round towers of the royal fortress. Eighty-three were killed, and eighty-eight wounded in the ranks of the people. And still the fortress might have held out. But the Invalides grew weary of the slaughter. They ceased to load and fire. Their officers crowded round De Launey and begged him to capitulate.

Seated on a gun-carriage, gloomy and despairing, his useless sword reposing in its scabbard, the governor listened to these suggestions in sullen silence. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and seizing a lighted match rushed to the door of the magazine. There were one hundred and thirty barrels of powder the nearest with the heads knocked out. One step further, and the Bastille, the governor, the garrison, the assailants and one fourth of Paris would have been destroyed. Two sergeants sprang forward, dropped their muskets into their hands, and presented their channeled bayonets to the heart of the madman. He dropped the match, which was instantly extinguished. He next drew a poignard from his breast, but it was wrenched from his grasp, and he sank down upon a gun-carriage, foiled and despairing. The captain of the Swiss guard sought him for orders. De Launey uttered not a word. Then the mercenary saw that it was time to treat with the besiegers, for already a crashing thunder announced that the French guards had their siege guns in battery. He wrote a note which was passed through an embrasure on the point of a bayonet, and received by one of the people who crossed the ditch on a plank. The captain of the Swiss asked permission to march out of the fortress with all the honors of war. A consultation was held among the leaders of the people, and the terms were unanimously rejected. Then, the captain asked only for their lives. Hullin and Elie promised to protect them. The second drawbridge was then lowered—the populace poured into the fortress, rending the air with shouts, and firing their muskets in the air. They would have massacred the Swiss, had they not worn a sort of frocks which caused them to be mistaken for servants or prisoners; they had laid aside their arms. Some of the Invalides, who were in uniform, were wounded and maltreated.

And now the keys of the Bastille were given up to the victors, who rushed through the corridors, opening every cell door, and embracing the poor victims of tyranny whom they restored to light and liberty. Alas! some of them had gone mad from despair. One old man with a beard reaching to his girdle, inquired after the health of Louis XV., whom he supposed to be still reigning, and when asked his name, replied that he was called Major Immensity. He had forgotten the name he bore in the world.

Gerard Lorraine had entered the fortress among the foremost, and meeting one of the turnkeys, was now engaged in the work of liberation. In one cell that he opened, he found a young man, elegantly attired, whose fresh color showed him to be a new-comer in the fortress. His cell was in a remote part of the Bastille, and but for Gerard, he might have been overlooked.

"What is the meaning of this tumult?" he asked. "No one has been near me to-day."

"It means," said Gerard, grasping his hand, "that the people have risen in their might—that the Bastille has surrendered, and that you and all the prisoners are free."

"Free!" shouted the prisoner, starting to his feet. "Free! O, what a glorious day for France and for the world! My good friend—I would fain know the name of my deliverer?"

"It is a humble name, sir—Gerard Lorraine!"

"Henceforth!" said the prisoner, grasping his hand warmly, "you shall be ranked among my dearest friends."

Little did the Chevalier de Preville think that he thus named the husband of Julie!

Gerard in turn was about to ask the name of the gentleman who addressed him, when he was summoned to the corridor, and the influx of the crowd prevented their again meeting. Armand joined the throng, and was soon carried without the walls of the Bastille.

Lorraine had been summoned by Rochefort and Villiers, who with Hullin were to form the body-guard of De Launey. They closed round him, and succeeded, in the mass and the press, in getting him out of the courtyard, unrecognized. But the governor of the Bastille had too many enemies to pass unnoticed. A prisoner pointed him out, and amidst fearful imprecations and cries of vengeance, a rush was made for him. Hullin and his body-guard made frantic efforts to save him—but they were torn aside by the ravenous multitude, though they struggled bravely to redeem their pledge. For a moment the gallant heroic leader of the people lost sight of the governor—the next moment, the crowd opened—a bleeding, mutilated body lay on the pavement, and brandished high above it on the end of a pike, the head of De Launey, the hated governor of the Bastille, was held aloft by a gigantic ruffian. And thus the liberty of the people was baptized in the blood of a noble.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIDE TO VERSAILLES. LOUIS XVI., AND MARIA ANTOINETTE.

Armand de Preville did not accompany the vast multitude which poured from the Bastille in the direction of the Hotel de Ville, but embraced the earliest opportunity of freeing himself from the crowd and seeking the Hotel de Preville. His filial heart beat with anxiety for the safety of his mother. Cold and harsh as she had been to him, still she was a mother. The aristocratic quarter of the city in which her hotel stood was almost entirely deserted. Only at rare intervals was a man or woman seen hurrying through the streets. The residents had either hastened to the scene of action, or had fled from the city, or had shut themselves up in their houses. There was the stillness of the grave in this portion of the great and populous capital.

Armand lost no time in gaining the house. There were none of the usual signs of habitation about it; no liveried lacquies lounging at the portal. The huge grated gateway at the arch leading into the courtyard was closed and locked. As Armand passed it, he glanced into the interior but saw no one stirring within. Alarmed at the silence and desertion, he ascended the marble steps to the principal entrance, and plied the huge carved knocker. The thundering sound rang through the halls and corridors and died away in the distance. The chevalier listened attentively, but no one came. Again and again he knocked, and at last, footsteps were heard within, a wicket was opened, and a trembling voice inquired:

"Who is there?"

"Don't you know me, old Gervase?" asked Armand, recognizing the voice of a faithful servant of the family. "It is I—the chevalier—Armand de Preville?"

Bolts, bars and chains were thereupon withdrawn, and the door was opened a little way.

"Come in, come in, sir," said an old man, who cautiously showed himself. "Come in, quickly, for Heaven's sake, that I may lock the door again."

Armand obeyed, smiling at the nervousness of the old servitor. The old man secured the door again, and then stood before his young master, his eyes fixed wistfully on his face. Armand was a favorite of the whole household, for he was gentle and considerate in his treatment of his inferiors in position.

"O, sir, I have been so terrified," said the man. "It has been a day of dread. But I thought you were a prisoner, sir?"

"I was, my old friend, but I am free now, as you see."

"I thought the king would not keep you shut up long, sir. You never did him harm."

"The king did not set me at liberty, Gervase."

"What! did you escape?"

"The doors of the Bastille were all wide open, and I took the liberty of walking out."

"The doors of the Bastille wide open! I don't understand you, sir," said the old man, in a bewildered way. "And I heard cannon firing. Has the king come to Paris—and were they saluting him?"

"No, Gervase, no! Would to Heaven the king were in Paris. The people love him and are his best friends. The firing you heard was from the people attacking the Bastille; and, my old friend, the Bastille is taken, and the prisoners have all been liberated by the people—the glorious people of Paris."

"And that is why the duchess has left Paris, then, with all her family?"

"What! my mother gone! To Versailles, I suppose?"

"Further yet, sir. To Germany, I think—at any rate, out of France."

"Well," said Armand, after a thoughtful pause. "Perhaps it is for the best. She has but followed the example of many of the noblesse. And Mademoiselle Julie went with her, I suppose?"

"No, sir, Miss Julie left here last night in a hired carriage."

"Whither?"

"I know not, sir."

"Old man!" cried Armand. "Don't you trifle with me. You—an old confidential servant of the family, must needs know what is going on here. You know whither Mademoiselle Fontange has gone, but they have sworn you to secrecy."

"Alas! my dear young master—I could have no secrets from you whom I love. But I know nothing of the young lady's whereabouts. She has probably been sent to a place of safety in these troubled times."

"And I was sent to a place of safety," muttered Armand, moodily. "And where is Derneval?"

"He has not been seen here since last night."

"My brother?"

"He sent his servants and horses to Versailles. He was here himself after your mother left. He left us when the firing began. I asked him the meaning, but he didn't vouchsafe me an answer."

"So—so," muttered Armand, half to himself. "To Versailles! I must seek him there. Is there a horse in the stable?"

"Not one, sir. Horses and grooms all gone."

"Well—well—I can walk. Farewell, old man. Keep up a good heart. No one will harm you here—and you shall soon hear from me."

"But you will stay and partake some refreshment, sir?"

"I cannot, my time is precious."

"Good by, then, sir. Heaven protect you!"

The old man undid the fastenings of the doors, and leaving the hotel, Armand walked rapidly in the direction of the barrier. As he approached, he noticed quite a crowd of persons about the gateway—a guard under arms, and two men on horseback, one of whom was an officer, the other a servant in livery, leading a saddled horse.

As he came nearer, Armand recognized his brother in the person of the officer. His countenance was flushed, and he appeared very much excited.

A man armed with a pike, wearing a blouse, and having a huge tri-colored cockade in his hat was holding the bridle of the marquis's horse, which was foaming and champing at the check.

"Do you mean to say, fellow," said the marquis, "that I cannot pass without an order from General Lafayette, and that I must ride back to the Hotel de Ville and obtain it?"

"I do say so," said the pikeman, sturdily; "unless you can get some friend of the people to vouch for you. The times are changed, marquis, since a royal uniform was a passport everywhere. The white cockade is down—the tricolor is up to day! Once the cry was long live the king! now we shout, long live the nation!"

The Marquis de Preville, rash and choleric, might have committed some fatal act of imprudence, had not Armand stepped forward. Fortunately he knew the man on guard.

"My brother is merely repairing to his post," said he, "and I am going with him. You know me, at least, to be no enemy of the people."

"I know you, Mr. Armand," said the pikeman, touching his hat respectfully, and at the same time relinquishing his hold on the marquis's horse. The marquis bowed coldly to his brother, and silently pointed to the horse in the hands of the groom. Armand sprang into the saddle. The men on guard fell back, and the marquis, the chevalier and the groom rode past them. The marquis, who was still burning at the affront put upon him, reined up his horse, and turning in his saddle, said to the municipal officer on guard:

"Make the most of to-day, my good fellow; to-morrow the tables will be turned. The king can march fifty thousand men on Paris."

"We have a hundred thousand to receive them," answered the pikeman.

"*Vive le roi!*" shouted the marquis.

"*Vivent le roi et la nation!*" answered the pikeman.

"Scoundrels!" said the marquis, as he set spurs to his horse. "Come on, Armand!"

The two brothers galloped on side by side, the servant following at a respectful distance. For a mile or two of the road, neither spoke. At last the marquis said:

"A pretty day's business—this attack on the Bastille; and the murder of De Launey. I hope you had no hand in it?"

"I could not very well assist in the attack on the fortress, for I passed the night inside of it a prisoner."

"Ha! my mother did not tell me this. Yet she must have known of it. Well, it served you right for siding with the rabble."

"How can you thus speak of your own countrymen, struggling for their liberties?" replied Armand.

"Their liberties! The dogs! what were they born, for but to serve their betters?"

"They are starving—the bread is wrung from their children's mouths to pamper us in luxury. We have come to a frightful pass. Twenty millions of Frenchmen can no longer be slaves," said Armand.

"I advise you, if you value that liberty about which you preach so proudly, good brother mine, to be silent on your favorite topic for a while. You are going to a place where it does not pass current."

"Then perhaps I had better turn bridle and ride back to Paris?"

"No—no—I'll be your safeguard at Versailles, as you were mine at Paris. And the king may wish to see you."

"The king!"

"Ay—he will be eager for information. If I present you to him, see that you say nothing unpalatable to royal ears."

"I shall speak the truth—as I always do."

"Ay—you were never cut out for a courtier. Go your own way then—I shall follow mine."

"Is our mother at Versailles?"

"No, she has left for Germany in company with the Polignacs and others of the noblesse. They dread a crisis. It is absurd, of course—but our mother is old and nervous, and she could be of no use if she remained. Even the queen, who is bitter at the desertion of some of her friends, counselled her to go."

"And Julie—"

"I know nothing of her—and care less."

"Will you give me your word that you know nothing of her?" asked Armand.

"I give you my word and honor. I have dismissed that passing fancy from my mind. I have more serious things to think of. Armand! if these dogs of Paris give us an opportunity, I shall win my spurs."

"I would rather by far be undistinguished, than to win and wear laurels won in civil war," replied Armand.

"A sentiment worthy of a younger brother!" rejoined the marquis, scornfully.

An hour's sharp riding brought them to Versailles as the evening was somewhat advanced. There were groups of people in the street who plied them with questions, but to none of them did the marquis vouchsafe an answer or permit one from his companion. Riding at a furious pace, regardless of the safety of the crowd, and earning many a bitter curse for his recklessness, he led the way to the gate opening into the palace gardens, where he dismounted, as did the chevalier, and their horses were given to the groom. The guards, recognizing him, presented arms, as he passed in with his brother. At the grand entrance, the usher permitted their passage without difficulty. In the corridor within, an aged gentleman in a court dress advanced to meet the marquis.

"The king, M. de Preville," said he, after saluting him, "is anxious for news from Paris, and gave orders to me to conduct you to him as soon as you arrived."

"But my dress," said the marquis, glancing at his riding boots.

"That will be pardoned under the circumstances," said the master of ceremonies.

"My brother, the Chevalier de Preville," said the marquis, presenting Armand.

The baron received him with politeness, and said, "Do you, sir, come from the scene of trouble?"

The chevalier answered in the affirmative.

"In that case," said the baron, "I will assume the responsibility of presenting you also. Their majesties are alone."

The marquis and Armand followed the master of ceremonies through a long suite of lofty apartments, hung with tapestry and richly furnished; then, pausing at a carved and gilded door, he made a sign that they were to remain where they were, and passed into the next room. Returning almost immediately, he beckoned to the gentlemen, and, announcing their names, ushered them into the presence of the king and queen of France, with whom he left them.

The room in which they found themselves was small but lofty, and was more plainly furnished than those through which they had just passed.

A few high-backed chairs, a table, and a large mirror comprised all the furniture. But Armand glanced only slightly at these features, his whole attention being enchained by the august occupants of the room. The king he had seen frequently, and was well acquainted with his fair, full, benevolent features and round person. There was little of that "divinity" that is said to "hedge a king" in his face and figure—no haughty mien of command, no air of decision about the lower parts of his face. In a citizen's dress, he would have passed very well for a good-natured, well-to-do burgher. But with Marie Antoinette, the case was far different. She looked, as befitted the daughter of Maria Theresa, born to command. The dazzling beauty that had maddened many a brain, and cast a spell upon all that came within its sphere, had passed its zenith—yet still she was surpassingly beautiful, or rather, to speak more justly, her face had passed from one phase of beauty into another. Gazing on her animated and noble features, you thought less of the woman and more of the queen. The softness of her eyes had given place to a piercing brilliancy; if there was less fascination in lips that been accused of a certain nationality, there was more command. The majesty of a strong will, an imperious purpose, was now added to the majesty of faultless features; and the decision of her expression contrasted singularly and forcibly with the irresolute air of her royal partner. She was standing leaning on the arm of the king's chair, while the latter was seated. Louis had just had his supper, for, blessed with the proverbial Bourbon appetite, he never suffered anything to interfere with the pleasures of the table, and his unctuous air of enjoyment contrasted almost ludicrously with a certain shadowy uneasiness that played over the expression of his face.

"Well, marquis," said he, after the royal pair had received the homage of the young men, "you came direct from Paris?"

"Yes, sire," replied the marquis, "and I bring you the latest news."

He glanced uneasily at the queen. The king divined his meaning, and turning to the queen, said:

"I fear, Antoinette, that the marquis does not bring us the best news in the world—and perhaps you had better learn it at second-hand from my lips, my love."

The queen smiled, almost scornfully, at the suggestion.

"I am not alarmed at trifles," she said. "With your majesty's permission, I will remain and hear the report. Speak out, marquis, without hesitation, and put an end to our suspense."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MONKEY'S MEMORY.

Authors generally think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions, but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the maid-servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen all to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well filled powder horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels, placed for the support of saucepans, right over the warming ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half-way up the chimney. Before he was blown up, he was a smug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as ever you would wish to see on a summer day; he came down a carbonated "nigger" in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The weight with which he pitched upon the hot ashes, in the midst of the general flare-up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missed for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close-singed, begrimmed, and looked scared and ugly. He recovered with care; but, like some great personages, he never got over the sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.—*Benham's Note Book.*

A FRENCH STORY.

A few years ago a man named Bernard, residing at Lyons, finding himself hard pressed by his creditors, devised a plan which he thought would rid him of their importunities. Going to the banks of the Rhone, he deposited there some of his clothes, having previously placed in the pocket of a coat a letter stating his intention to commit suicide. Every attempt to find the body proved ineffectual, his widow consoled herself by marrying a friend of her husband, and opening a wine shop. A few days ago, as the woman was engaged in her shop, she saw a man enter covered with rags, and who, at the first glance, she recognized as her first husband; the latter, who had been leading a wandering life abroad, also recognized his wife. On his addressing her, she was so overcome by her feelings of despair at having all her future prospects destroyed by this unexpected return, that she rushed out of the house and threw herself into the Rhone. She was, however, taken out alive, and her former husband told her not to alarm herself any more on his account, as he would never disturb her, and he left the place and pursued his wanderings.—*French Courier.*

ORGAN-GRINDERS.

There is a mystery attached to this race of men, which we have often tried to fathom, but in vain. Year after year, one hears the same tunes, produced from the same organs; the bearers have the same clothing, the same walk, the same look, the same stultified, dreary expression, as if they were deaf and dumb, or they were called for and couldn't come, or their landlady or washerwoman was after them with a sharp stick, and they saw no prospect of obtaining the needful. Yet, though the organ, and the tunes, and the pants, and the hat, and all that, are the same, season after season, the carrier of the organ and tormentor of the times and wearer of the garments changes. They come and go—they drop in and drop off—how you see 'em, and now you don't.

Who are they? Where do they come from? Where do they go?

Did any one ever see a dead organ-grinder?—*N. O. Picayune.*

NEW STYLE OF OMNIBUS.

They have a new kind of omnibus in London. The cost is similar to those of the old design, now in use, but there is a total alteration in the construction. The interior is fitted up as a "saloon," or cushioned after the fashion of a first-class railway carriage, with a single "coupe," or arm-chair, well adapted for a lady and child, apart from the other range of seating. It is well ventilated, has an alarum in the reach of all, whereby the conductor can be readily summoned; is well warmitated; contains a receptacle for wet umbrellas, and the over crowding of the existing system is obviated by increased space. Passengers are admitted by two doors at the end, and the outside seats face each other. An improved lock renders the draft more easy, and all jolting is avoided by the ingenuity of the builder, who has ably carried out the design of the skilful originator. Some improvement in our omnibus conveniences would be acceptable. How would this model do to begin with?—*Album.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FOREST MURMURS.

BY J. B. REYNOLDS.

The glorious sunshine of summer has fled,
And the rich golden beauties of autumn appear,
While the sky with that mild, mellow light is o'er-
Which so often is seen in the fall of the year;
And the breeze murmurs out in the forest so wide,
And sends back a whisper "the roses have died."

The fruits are all ripe, and the leaves from green
Neath the weight that is bending them down t
earth;
The corn is all gathered, the wheat is all sown,
And now comes the season of pleasure and mirth
And the breeze dances out on the zephyr's tide,
The while as it murmurs, "the roses have died."

The grass is all seared, and the insects are dead,
And out in the garden-walks lifeless they lay,
While on every side of them and overhead,
Still lingers the light of a beautiful day;
But the breeze that at morn floated out in its pride,
Echoed back in the eve, "all the roses have died."

I love the rich autumn, aside from its gloom,
And dear to my heart are its joy-laden hours;
Although there are voices that speak of the tomb,
Yet I love it far more than the season of flowers:
I love its fresh breezes, though oft they have sighed
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TWO HOURS OF ROMANC
—IN—
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Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, dead, and Charles of Spain and Francis of lois both aspired to the vacant imperial digni when the wily Charles won over by bribery crafty prelate, Wolsey, to his interests, through his influence Henry VIII., of Engl the then self-styled "Arbiter of Europe," w the Electoral College, by unanimous elected him to the imperial chair.

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In the ancient hall of a gloomy old castle the banks of the Ebro, a fair girl looked from the deep bayed window upon the spark waters as they ran murmuring by. A shad sadness rested on the sweet face, and clo the fair brow of antique mould, and paled cheek, late so rosy and radiant, of the yo Inez de Albatera, on this her bridal eve. beautiful was she, as she stood there in the twilight—her dark, luxuriant tresses tu round her classic brow, and her dark, lust eyes looking pensively out upon the d woods shade. But not of them or the ripp Ebro did she now occupy herself, glan stealthily from time to time to where the Duke of Calatrava, her affianced husband,

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A ladder was placed against the stone balustrade of her balcony, when she bounded forward with the joyful cry:

"'Tis he!—my Monterey! Now welcome *any fate* that leads to hope and freedom!"

The next moment a fleet, elastic step had scaled the ladder and vaulted lightly into the room, when she was caught to the breast of a tall cavalier and held a moment there.

"O safety—happiness!" she murmured on his shoulder. "How I have watched for your signal, Monterey! But you are here, and I fear nothing more!"

Then looking up to meet the proud lineaments of the face, and hear the low-pitched tones so dearly loved, that had long been her life's sole music, she shrunk trembling back in a fright, exclaiming:

"That star! The band with the order of the golden fleece! Heavens! who are you that thus intrudes upon the privacy of a young girl's sleeping apartment?"

"Not the stripling page whom you expected, fair lady, but the pilgrim guest of Calatrava's duke, my fair one."

"That voice! Can memory deceive? Surely I heard it when a child, even when by my father's dying couch you promised to protect his child."

"And can royal tones not reverberate along passion's chords in the woman's heart, as sweetly as they swept those of her childhood's memory, Inez?"

"And you *are* Charles of Spain—my sovereign!" said the affrighted girl, in tones of dismay, struggling to release herself from his hold.

"Yes, Inez, and Charles of Castile comes to bid higher for your love, than either the stripling Gotha's stripling page, or you old dotard—nay, smile not so scornfully; I would save you from a fate that in either case yourself must hold repulsive. I would place the crown on that regal brow of thine, my stately Inez. Be mine, my very empress, while Carlos of Spain will ever be your slave!"

"Is this kingly? Is it like Charles of Castile, to invade the sanctity of a girl's unprotected apartments? Release me, my lord! I am of lineage as proud as your own; the blood of Castile and Arragon's sovereigns courses as pure in my veins and heaves my heart with as proud pulsations as your own. Did my father fight and fall, in your cause, on the plain of Marigano, that his daughter should submit to your caprice? Bethink you of our relative positions—you, the sovereign of Castile—I, the affianced bride of the Duke of Calatrava."

A smile of strange meaning passed over the handsome face of her tormentor.

"Now listen to me, King of Castile. That doubtful smile shows that you guess the truth. Be it so. I renounce your offered throne, and Castile's glittering sceptre. What would crown or sceptre be, apart from *him* for and with whom I would rather be a slave or exile by his side, than an empress in your palace—rather share his fate, what that fate may be, than mount the imperial throne of Charlemagne!"

Beautiful she seemed, as she stood there, in her great displeasure. Carlos attempted to approach, but imperially graceful, she waved him back, saying in the low, determined tone of one not to be trifled with:

"Approach but one step nearer, and I spring over the masonry of that low parapet, dashing my brains out on the pavement there!" And with a sudden effort she sprang past him, and stood fearlessly on the edge of the dizzy brink.

At the same instant, a light gondola cleft through the moonlit wavelets of the Ebro, and at the next, a slight figure, enveloped in a short Spanish cloak, vaulted over the low wall and swept through the mazy windings of the low parterres, and climbing lightly to the balcony, threw one arm round the intrepid girl, while his sword flashed, wielded in the strong grasp of the other.

"Charles of Spain, insult such as you have here offered an unprotected maiden, desecrating her privacy by your unwished-for presence, levels distinction, and I defy you to single combat. Proscribed and banished your realm, I returned, favored by the Duke of Gotha, under an assumed name, to wed the only being who still clung to me, amid all the injuries wrought my family by yours."

While thus hurling his indignation, the young Monterey nervously grasped his sword.

"Back, beardless boy! I am your sovereign, unarmed, and at your mercy. But fight with a stripling—a nameless wanderer? Never!"

"And can Charles of Castile taunt me with being nameless and a wanderer? When next we meet, it will be as equals."

And moodily fixing his cloak around him, he stood proudly erect, with fiery, flashing eye and firm, compressed lip, as Charles, with dark knit brows, drew the folds of his pilgrim habit across his rich vest, wrought with the insignia of royalty, and without trusting himself with another look on the young girl, who drew as if for protection nearer to the stripling page, strode away, pulling his cowl over his features, with the sullen mien of a baffled, imperious spirit, and was soon lost in the darkness.

Again it was the hour of deep midnight, and Charles of Spain, accompanied by a single follower, traversed in silence the gloomy aisles of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, when stopping at a square slab of marble, by the light of a small lantern they removed it from the pavement, and descended into the vault beneath. Looking around on the monuments, above which hung the heavy mildewed hatchments, traced with the records of departed greatness, he observed:

"'Tis a gloomy enough place, this sepulchral vault! And so this dark cavernous labyrinth extends under ground, winding its midnight passage to the citadel, outside the city walls!"

Then stopping before a black marble tomb, with the simple inscription: "*Carlo Magno,*" the king stood a moment in deep meditation. This, then, is the tomb we seek, and the place where Segovia and his adherents are to meet. To-night, too, the Electoral College is to meet for their final ballot."

The cavalier bowed assent in silence.

"Here comes Segovia and his followers. Quick—the key!" And applying it to the rusty lock, the ponderous door swung open, when he entered the tomb, the dark portal again turning on its rust-worn hinges, closed upon him—the damp, chill vapors of the noisome vault rising up around him, as he stood on the slimy stone steps, curdling his very blood with horror, while his limbs shook and the perspiration oozed from his clay-cold brow.

"And this is what at last even kings must come to!" was his thought, as the tramp of armed men was heard, echoed back from the magnificent dome above, and the Duke of Segovia and his followers passing through the aisle overhead, descended into the vault.

"Did you not hear a noise as we approached?" whispered one tall, muffled figure to another, as they ranged themselves in a semi circle in front of the tomb of Charlemagne, where seated on the imperial throne, arrayed in the robes and insignia of royalty, the emperor's statue rose before them.

"No, it was but the bats flapping among the monuments, disturbed from their cavernous slumbers."

Striking a light with his dagger from a flint, the Duke of Gotha lit a torch, when immediately the red lights of a score were flung flickering over the white tombs, throwing their lurid beams over the sculptured figures reared in marble pomp over fallen grandeur.

Death's banners unfurled in funereal magnificence on every side; and silence—the deep midnight silence, undisturbed for centuries, of the charnel, was broken by the clear, ringing tones of Monterey.

"My lords, Charles of Castile claims to wear the imperial crown of Charlemagne. What say you?" And turning the crescent with his dark dilating eye, it rested on the stern features of the Duke of Gotha, who stood moodily fingering his dagger's hilt at one extremity, and who on being thus addressed, replied huskily:

"Ere he wear the imperial purple, or title of Maximilian, my dagger will find a brief passage to his heart. In arrogating to be styled emperor, Charles but seeks a briefer pathway to his sepulchre home."

"If any arm here strikes the blow to rid Spain of this ambitious man, let that arm be mine!" spoke the deep tones of Monterey; and that gloomy circle's assenting murmur reverberated along the vaulted roof above, and echoed back from the mildewed monuments around.

Stepping on the platform before the tomb, Monterey removed his plumed cap, and devoutly kissing the cross of his dagger's hilt, said:

"God grant me a firm heart, unflinching nerve, and steady hand to defy in my coming hour of need whatever fate awaits me—courage to brave the tortures of the wheel, and triumph, if need be, at the block!"

And hoarsely the crescent uttered back the deep, impressive "*Amen!*" as kissing the cross of their swords, they again cased them in their sheaths.

"And now, my friends, even now while we are here in conclave, the Electoral College meets, and their final ballot will be made known by the number of cannon fired. One will speak for the Duke of Saxe Gotha, two for France and Valois-Orleans, while three will announce that Charles of Spain is invested with the imperial dignity!"

While Monterey yet spoke, a cannon shot startled the assembled conclave, when each grasped his comrade's hand in breathless silence, awaiting the next which followed booming heavily in the distance, succeeded immediately by a third, when the massive marble portal of the tomb was flung wide, and Charles of Spain, with cool brain and calm, steady glance, stood confronting them—his plate armor blazing in the torchlight, his dark, knit brow contracted with a haughty scowl of defiance.

"What means this, my nobles? Ha—silent, all? 'Tis well! Ye do well to extinguish your torches—the darkness is meetest wherein to whet your assassin knives! Go sharpen them upon the grave stones around. Why do none of you approach? Have none of ye courage to strike? 'Tis but a moment since I heard Gotha's duke and the stripling Monterey swear to make brief passage to the tomb for Carlos of Castile. There must surely be some rare magic in an *emperor's* presence that ye all fly, extinguishing your torches, when he appears before you?"

Then raising a small whistle to his lips, he blew a shrill blast, when the vast subterranean labyrinth bristled with the lances of armed men, while from every tomb around rose flambeaux, flashing on the tortuous windings swarming with mail-clad soldiery.

"Arrest for treason! Drag forth the conspirators before me—see that none escape. Gonzalez, hand me the list of the traitors' names!" And as the conspirators were brought forward, he read from the roll: "Monterey, Duke of Segovia; Saxony's Duke of Gotha; the Marquis Janez; the Duke of Calatrava. 'Tis well! Bring forth the nobles to the block—the common herd I value not. Forward!"

At that moment flitted through the darkness, as a sunbeam from out a cloud, the light form of Inez, Countess of Albatera, who kneeling on the platform, clung to the emperor with the impassioned energy of despair.

"When my father received his death wound on the plain of Marigano, you promised to protect his child, and now she kneels to claim the fulfilment of that knightly promise given then. If I shrunk not from death on that balcony's dizzy height, trust me, I will need no tutor to teach me how to meet it, if you condemn Monterey to the block!"

Passing his hand across his brow, to screen the pallor gathering there, Charles Quint raised the prostrate girl tenderly, as with tones calm and controlled by a mighty effort of his strong will, he said: "My plighted word, Lady Inez, shall be sacred. Charles of Spain never yet pledged his knightly honor unredeemed."

Then stepping proudly forward, he whom she had known and loved as the young knight of Monterey, without bending the knee to his sovereign, saluting him without further reverence than he might bestow on a knight of his own degree, flung aside the folds of his cloak, discovering the insignia of royalty blazoned on his breast, as cross and order gleamed in the torchlight. Proud and defiant was his tone, as he said:

"If Charles of Castile seeks only to doom the nobles, among the conspirators, to the block, *John of Arragon* must surely pilot the way for Spain's grandees, be their rank what it may. When you doomed my father to the block and myself to exile, you could not rob me of my rank, and here, even here, on my way to the scaffold, I resume it, claiming precedence to the block!"

Drawing his iron-bound frontlet lower on his haughty brow, and proudly folding his arms on his breast, he turned to join his adherents.

"And is it thus, Monterey, you cast from you the love promised to follow your fortunes, whatever they might be, when I little dreamed that the humble name of Monterey concealed an illustrious one? Mine was no girlish prompting of romance, but a love that grows all the stronger when sorrows lower and dangers assail."

"Inez, when I sought your love, I hoped to place a crown on that stately brow—not to lead you to the scaffold's foot. My father perished on the scaffold, and his fate has descended to his son—mine only heritage. Farewell!"

Imprinting a kiss on the brow—cold and colorless as marble—of the young girl, who with the wild prompting of despair still knelt at Charles's feet, he turned to leave her, when a pallor, as of death, passed over the face of the emperor; but controlling his emotion by a strong effort, he raised the young countess from the pavement, saluting her as Duchess of Segovia, passing to the lighted cathedral above, where at the altar he placed her hand in that of John of Arragon, saying with the kingly grace that so well became him:

"My brother of Arragon, receive your bride at the hands of your emperor, who here renounces his injustice. And for these nobles, who had leagued with you against Charles of Castile, the first document signed by the emperor will be their pardon."

On hearing this, the vaulted roof rang with the loud acclaim of "*Long live Charles Quint!*" Yet still, amid the deafening shout, old Charles of Spain stood gloomy there, with pale lip and clouded brow, while the ceremony was performed that gave Inez de Albatera to another. What recked he then of the shout sent up from the throngingmultitude, reverberating long and deep, "*Long live our Emperor!*" since it was the echoed death knell to the last hour of romance in his long and brilliant career.

THE LEAPING SPRING.

The Placerville American gives the subjoined sketch of a beautiful natural curiosity in Dorado County, California: With its caves, and lakes, and forests, and sublime scenery, El Dorado furnishes material for the orator, poet and tourist, of no ordinary value. The Leaping Spring is so called because its waters never flow with an even current. The Indian name signifies "water that sleeps." It is situated near the base of the rock, down which rushes the waters known as the Ribbon Falls, or the Cataract of the Ribbons, only about thirty-two miles from Col. Johnson's ranch, and yet in one of the most inaccessible recesses of the western slope. The peculiarity of this spring consists in this: The waters are thrown out at intervals, instead of flowing with an even current. It now rises from a mound of earth or mineral deposit, that was undoubtedly formed from the waters of the spring, and there is every indication that, at no very remote period, they were ejected from a crater or opening on the mound instead of a surface now nearly dry to the depth of ten feet. Once in about seven minutes, the water recedes or falls back into a fissure in the mount to the depth of about twenty inches, where it lies calm and still, but only for a moment or two, when, without the least noise, or the slightest apparent cause, the water suddenly rises to the surface, and even above to the height of twenty and sometimes thirty inches, throwing out a column of water equal to six inches in diameter for four or five minutes, when it recedes back, and this inconsistent flow of its waters has given it the name it bears.

LADY DRAWN IN A LOTTERY.

Some months since, an ingenious French lady conceived the idea of disposing of herself in a lottery. Being thirty years old and tired of a maiden life, she decided upon the following plan. She created a lottery of five hundred shares at a thousand francs each, the winner of which was to take both the money and the lady. The subscribers were to be all single men, and accepted by herself as competitors, after a personal interview. The subscriptions were placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place until the sum of half a million francs was complete.

The drawing recently took place in the office of the notary who held the subscription, in the presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thoroughly shaken up, a blind hand was chosen to and number 499 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed number 499 was a Tunisian general, who had already occupied the public attention by his original address. But the lady was neither frightened at the turban, nor the beard, nor the religion, nor the harem of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple have left for Tunis, where they will reside.—*Daily Times.*

POISON IN PRUSSIA.

A gentleman who has lately been botanizing in West Prussia, says: "The other day I wanted some corrosive sublimate to dress my dried plants to prevent the ravages of insects; I got it from Stuttgards, but there came with it a *gift-zeichen*—a paper giving the name of the chemist who sold it. If I shrunk not from death on that balcony's dizzy height, trust me, I will need no tutor to teach me how to meet it, if you condemn Monterey to the block!"

Passing his hand across his brow, to screen the pallor gathering there, Charles Quint raised the prostrate girl tenderly, as with tones calm and controlled by a mighty effort of his strong

A RICH STORY.

A tall, awkward looking chap, just from the green mountains of Vermont, came on board of one of the splendid North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced "peaking," as he called it, into every nook and corner on the boat.' The captain's office, the engine room, the water closets, the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection; and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys, and the various "fixins," till at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, walked around it, got down on his knees and looked up into it, and exclaimed:

"Wall, raly, this beats the bell on our meetin'-house a darned sight."

By this time, the attention of the captain and several of the passengers was attracted to this genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain.

"Wall, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat and took hold of the bell rope, and having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing, slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster, till everybody on board thought the boat was on fire, and rushed on deck, screaming with alarm.

There stood the captain, and there sat the "Yairmounter," ringing away, first slow and then fast, and then two or three taps at a time. The passengers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clanger should be stopped. All the while there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a cockney chime-ringer ever dreamed of. At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton; but his answer was:

"A fair bargain and no backing out," and he rang away for dear life.

"Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?"

"Wall, cap'n, I guess I shean't lose nothing if I take five dollars and a *free passage* to New York, but not a darned cent less."

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket," said the captain.—*Troy Budget.*

THE STREET MUSICIAN.

The other day, as I came down Broome Street, I saw a street musician playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw, in the woman's Italian face, an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and melancholy, to the lively "trainer tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young girl of pleasing countenance opened the window and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder, and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart. It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted my attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected around the organist; and ever as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully towards the window, waved their hats, and called out, "More if you please!" One whom I well knew for the kindest and truest soul, passed around his hat; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell freely.

In a minute four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude, but she gave such a look! "Will you go to the next street and play to a friend of mine?" said my kind-hearted friend. She answered in tones expressing the deepest emotion: "No, sir—God bless you all! I will play no more to-day; I will go home now." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and as she walked away, she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl. The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her, then turning to the now closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers and departed, better than they came.—*Mrs. Child.*

ANECDOTE OF AUDUBON.

Returning from Philadelphia, after an absence of several months, absorbed in the newly found delights of home, he failed to inquire the fate of a certain wooden box, which, before his departure, he had entrusted to the care of a relative, with the strictest injunctions as to its safety. At last, on interrogation, this treasure was produced, the dearly prized deposit of all his drawings, more cherished than a casket of rarest jewels! It was opened, and what was Audubon's dismay to perceive the misfortune that had befallen it. A pair of Norway rats having taken possession and appropriated it, had reared there a whole party. A few gnawed bits of paper were the only remains of what a few months before had been a thousand marvellous representations of the curious inhabitants of the air! The shock of such a calamity was too much even for the fortitude of Audubon. Like an electric stroke it thrilled his whole nervous system, and for some time caused the entire prostration of his physical powers. A burning heat rushed through his brain on the discovery of the entire wreck of the result of all his efforts and his patience! For nights he could not sleep, and days were passed with listless apathy, till at length invigoration of mind and frame gradually, under kindly influences, returned. He once again took up his pencils, his note book and his gun, and went forth to the woods. Then entering himself with the reflection that he could make much better drawings than before, he persevered unstringly for three whole years, until his portfolio was replenished!—*Audubon, the Naturalist.*

A FABLE.

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along!—*The Curiosity Shop.*

THE COCOY BEETLE.

The Cocoy queen beetle is about one inch and a quarter in length, and, what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer like that of the fire fly, but give as steady a light as she pleases, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute-pearl, which afford light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the daytime, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and immediately extinguishes them on coming again into the light.—*Natural History Items.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY SIMEON GRAY.

I go for rights, the rights of all
The people in the nation;
I also go for "woman's rights,"
And the rights of all creation.

Then, let me ask the ladies, how
(But is it in their natures?)
They'd like to take the hoe in hand
And go to digging 'taters!

Or, how they'd like to go to sea,
In some old craft or other,
And leave the babies with the men,
For then they would not bother!

How queer they'd look to don the coat,
The pantaloons and hat,
And go to work at loading coal,
With hands and face so black.

But ah, these ne'er would suit their taste,
Nor their new-fangled notions,
And if such were to be the case,
They'd tremble at their portions.

They'd rather sit on cushions soft,
And guide the "ship of state;"
With cruel hearts would leave the men
To their lamented fate.

But Uncle Sam's a cute young man,
And never would consent,
For all the ladies in the world,
To such a government.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

At twenty three, I, Bertram Rivers, was called a dashing, good-natured, happy fellow, who had nothing to do and plenty of money to spend; and it was unanimously voted that I occupied a very enviable position in society.

The world, as usual, was only half right. I was dashing, good-natured and happy at times, but the idea that I had nothing to do, was a continual source of trouble to me. How I envied Dick Allen, who painted from morning till night in his studio, and yet scarcely earned enough to keep body and soul together. His constant cheerfulness had an irresistible charm for me, and insensibly we had become fast friends. I was rich and he was poor, but that made not the least difference in our friendship. I lived in the family of my guardian. My father had died when I was thirteen years old, but I had no remembrance of my mother. And here, again, my situation differed from Dick's.

I am confident that a great part of his cheerfulness sprung from the recollection of the happy home to which he was welcomed every evening. How often had I heard that family circle described—the father, mother and sister! So often, that I knew intimately all its members, though I had never seen one of them except Dick.

At twenty-three, I think I was sane on all points except one. And on one point, only, did I approach insanity. It was, however, only an approach to that—a morbid idea, which I had entertained from childhood, and which had grown with my growth. I firmly believed that insanity was hereditary in our family, though I had never heard any allusion made to it. My mother, too, whose name I never heard mentioned by my father but once or twice, and then accompanied by such looks of agony that I could never forget them—I believed that she was yet living, a raving maniac.

I had a horrible fear of meeting her in some place and having this idea confirmed, and therefore I carefully avoided all places where I should be likely to encounter any one thus afflicted. The idea that I, myself, might in the course of years become a maniac, was tormenting. It destroyed all the peace of my leisure hours, and made me throw myself into society with a zeal that surprised myself.

Heaven knows how such a combination of grotesque ideas could have entered my head. But enter they did, and fastened themselves there. And the very entertainment of these ideas might have led to the final consummation, if by the inscrutable mercy of Providence I had not been saved from such a fate.

It was in the summer time that I made that all-important visit to Aunt Martin's. I remember every circumstance connected with it clearly and distinctly. I had a curious dread of going into the country, even upon a visit, but it was impossible to refuse it in this case.

"Dick," said I, in a doleful tone, as I rambled into his studio on a clear, sunny day, "Dick, I'm a doomed man. I shall be bored to death up there in the country."

"I wish I was a doomed man," said Dick, in a jocular way. "Why, Rivers, who wouldn't like to be invited into the country, instead of spending such sweltering days as these in the city?"

"My dear fellow," said I, as a bright idea shot into my head, "why not go in my place? My aunt has never seen me but once or twice—she couldn't possibly know the difference."

Dick laughed, and even while he acknowledged that it was a bright idea, rejected it.

Well, I went. Somebody goes every day, but nobody ever went as unwillingly as I did. Perched on top of a superannuated stage coach, I made moral reflections upon the landscape, blazing under a summer's sun. It was undoubtedly delightful, but I was not in a humor to enjoy it. There was a long range of hills in the distance, and hills were my special abhorrence. Then, as we rattled along at a breakneck pace, clouds of dust greeted us and obstructed our vision.

The best of men have their troubles, and that was an exceedingly consoling reflection. My destination was a singularly large and old-fashioned mansion, which could be seen long before any one got near to it. It stood as a sort of landmark, and behind it was that long range of gloomy hills.

I cannot analyze my feelings now as I approached this place, but I knew the curious dread came over me, as it had once before. I would have turned back, but some inscrutable fate impelled me forward. I was not able to recognize then, as I afterwards did, the infinite mercy of Providence in this, to avert from me a fate into which my gloomy apprehensions were fast leading me.

My aunt, whom I scrutinized closely, seemed to me to have a wan and haggard look, which I interpreted as symptoms of that insanity which I believed hereditary in my mother's family. Nobody could have been more kindly received than I was. For a few days, I amused myself by fishing in the river—a pursuit which I at first followed with a keen zest. Gradually I grew tired of this, and amused myself instead with burying my feet in the soft green herbage on those gloomy hills. Then I resorted to books, which the family physician had forbidden me to touch for some time, inasmuch as my health had become seriously affected by constant reading. But I did not care for that now.

Being in the house so constantly, I could not help noticing one or two singular occurrences, little in themselves, but which had the effect of reviving that curious dread in my mind. At the same hour, every day, my aunt absented herself, and always returned looking weary and with the haggard look in her face plainer than ever. Once when I hastily threw open my room door, I saw her just disappearing in the chamber opposite, and then a loud, fierce voice was heard, which I knew belonged to none of the members of the family. That this room had an occupant that I had never seen, became evident to me.

Once or twice I made a passing allusion to this circumstance, but my aunt always adroitly changed the conversation. From the hour that I discovered these things, however, I was keenly and painfully alive to everything unusual or strange that occurred in the house—and all such occurrences centred in that mysterious room and its still more mysterious occupant.

Two days passed, during which I saw and heard nothing wonderful. That next night, when everything was quiet in the house, I distinctly heard the sound of a footstep in the room opposite. It was not a calm, even, regular step, but quick and irresolute, as if the person went by fits and starts. I should judge the step to have been on an uncarpeted floor, as every footfall fell with startling distinctness upon my ears: I heard that step a great part of the night, and then it ceased suddenly, as if the person had thrown itself down in utter exhaustion. I was myself thoroughly exhausted by this slight excitement, and horrible ideas shot swiftly through my brain, which seemed pressed down by some iron foot.

The next morning, I half made a resolution to go back to the city, where I was at least comparatively free from exciting influences. But the idea that my aunt had some communication to make to me, which I could not doubt was the reason of her pressing invitation, and my inscrutable fate, impelled me to stay.

The next night I heard it again—that horrible footstep; and again was my night's rest destroyed. And again in my uneasy dreams the iron foot seemed pressing down upon my brain. Yet when I met the rest of the family at the breakfast-table, not the least allusion was made to the occurrence, though it seemed to me that the footsteps must have disturbed others besides myself.

That day's mail brought me a letter from Dick—cheerful and healthful in its tone, and which had the effect of making me more cheerful than I had been for days. I resumed my fishing, and trod the hills with unusual vigor. Another night, and I heard no sounds from the room opposite. A whole week passed and all was silent as the grave. Perhaps the occupant of the room had departed—gone away from the house. I certainly hoped so.

It was the night immediately succeeding this week of quiet that I awoke from an uneasy slumber, with the idea that I had heard some sound which even in my dreamy state had sent a thrill of horror through me. With senses acutely and painfully sharpened, I listened for the repetition of that sound. And it came—the slow, hesitating, stealthy steps, not in the room opposite, but in the long entry into which all our doors opened. The person outside had passed down the whole length of the entry, and was now coming back.

I was not a coward, but every one knows how much more formidable an unseen enemy is, than one that we can see. That curious dread oppressed me—not a physical dread of an antagonist, which I was to meet, but a moral dread of something horrible outside in the long entry.

The steps passed, paused a little at the upper end of the entry, then were heard again in the same hesitating, stealthy way. As the person neared my door, there was a cessation of the sound, and then the distinct rustle of some woolen fabric fell upon my ear. Then a sigh, and the steps went on.

Did the rustle of a dress indicate that the mysterious occupant of that room was a woman? It seemed so. And in connection with this question, which I asked myself, and answered, came a thought, which naturally forced itself upon my mind. This woman was my mother—there was no escape from this thought. Like the iron foot, it trod itself into my brain.

A hundred little circumstances were now accounted for. The neglect of my aunt for years to invite me to her house—her invitation now, preceding as it did an important communication on family affairs—the delay in making that communication, the motive of which I could not now doubt—the total silence of everybody in the house on the subject of that mysterious room and its occupant—and above all the rest, that curious, indefinable dread, which, while it revealed to me a strange phase in our nature, showed itself as a barrier between my mind and some shocking disclosure, which time was destined to make to me.

All these thoughts passed with lightning rapidity through my mind, whilst the step—my mother's step, as I could not doubt—I heard still. Should I open the door and encounter her? Could I bear to see that wrinkled, haggard face, with its unsettled, wandering look, and to know that the day was surely coming, when I myself should wear such a look? No, I could not—I had better never see such a sight, if it could be avoided.

The person had crossed the threshold of the opposite room, and the step had ceased; and again I sank into a disturbed slumber. I cannot tell what time it was on that terrible night that I became aware of some slight sound outside my door. It was the rustle of that woolen dress, immediately followed by the sigh of some person strongly agitated. The door opened. I heard it, though it was done softly and cunningly. Some dark form entered and paced three or four times across my room. Every stealthy, hesitating step brought an agonizing pain to my head.

The moon came out suddenly from behind a cloud and showed me that figure, standing motionless with the face turned towards me. Shall I ever forget its horrible expression, as it glared upon me?—the terribly old, haggard face, upon which were the wrinkles of at least sixty years?—the unsettled, wandering look, and the glaring eyes turned on me in a purposeless stare? It was the very face which I had pictured to myself such a little while ago—a face, which resembled my aunt's so much that I knew the figure before me was no other than my mother.

The silence that followed was even more oppressive than the sound of the footsteps. Still the figure remained motionless, gazing at me. I cannot tell how it was that I caught the gleam of something the figure held in her hand. It looked like a knife, in the moonlight. It was very sure, after watching for a few minutes, that it was a knife. Nearer the figure came, the instrument held firmly in her right hand. My life was in danger—I knew this, and strove to cry out. But I could utter no sound. I tried to defend myself, but could not move an inch. Nearer and still nearer, and then a sharp pain shot through my head, which seemed suddenly crushed together by some mighty force—and then everything faded from my sight.

"Raise him gently—a little higher," said a voice which at first I could not recognize.

"Poor fellow—he must have suffered some dreadful blow in his childhood—or perhaps it was a fall! See, here is a terrible depression, which must have affected the brain! He was apt to have strange fancies at times, I think?"

"Yes, at times—poor Rivers! What must be done?" said a voice, which I knew could be no other than Dick's.

"A removal of a part of the bone where that depression is, is absolutely necessary." And now I recognized Dr. Grant's friendly voice.

"No other alternative?" said Dick, cheerily. Whatever Dick said, his tone was always cheerful.

"None," said the doctor, gloomily. "Nothing less than permanent insanity could be the result, unless this operation was performed. Did you never hear him speak of any blow or fall, which he had in childhood?"

"Not recently," said Dick, in a musing tone; "but when our friendship first commenced, he spoke of some accident he had met with when a child, from which a long illness resulted."

"That must have been it," said the doctor.

I could easily recall to my mind the accident which I had once made a passing allusion to, in a conversation with Dick. As a child, I was very ambitious, and on one occasion had climbed a tree, from the top of which, like Jack at the top of his bean-stalk, I expected to see wondrous houses and people; in short, I proposed to climb into a new world.

But a hasty descent to my own sphere, was the consequence of my presumption. I struck upon my head, and for a long time my life was despaired of. I gradually recovered, however, but had almost forgotten the circumstance, till suddenly recalled by the conversation I had heard.

"Dick," said I, when the doctor had gone, "let it be over as soon as possible—I can bear it."

Dick shook my hand, but said nothing. A painful operation was performed, which happily I was only dimly conscious of. But there were times when I suffered intensely, and the imaginary iron foot seemed to tread itself in my brain with wonderful force.

But life came back to me, healthful, radiant—life, amply repaying me for all the suffering I had endured. The old dread, and the strange fancies that had haunted me, disappeared. I went back to the city with Dick, and new schemes, new thoughts thronged my mind, and my brain became a busy one. I was a merchant, and Dick was my partner; and to-day there is not a surer or a safer firm in the city than that of Rivers & Allen.

But for years I could bear no allusion to the events of that terrible night—though I firmly believed they were partially the mere fancies of a diseased brain.

Fifteen years after my visit to the country, my aunt died. In examining some papers directed to me, I read my mother's history. In journeying with my father, she had been lost at sea when I was very young. So great was my father's remorse at not having saved her at the expense of his own life, that her name was seldom mentioned by him afterwards. A miniature, accompanying the papers, showed me a young, beautiful woman, with features entirely unlike those of my aunt.

Dick and I were smoking peacefully on the piazza one day. By the way, I forgot to say that Dick's sister had become Mrs. Bertram Rivers, and that Dick had taken up his abode with us. The smoke was curling lazily up from our cigars, when I propounded the following question to my friend, who seemed plunged in deep meditation:

"Dick, did you know what happened on that night—fifteen years ago?"

"I knew only what happened from your incoherent ravings—at least, I gathered a part of it from you."

"I should like to know how much was real, and how much I fancied."

"I should have told you something long ago, which would have explained much of it, if you had but asked me. Whatever else you saw, resulted from the state of excitement which you were in."

"What was it?"

Dick paused to throw his cigar over the railing of the piazza, and merely said:

"Your aunt was a somnambulist."

MARKING BAGGAGE.

"Mace Sloper," a correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine, tells the following good story: I remember another queer dialogue which came within my experience at a hotel in Boston. I was going to bed rather late, when all at once I heard one of the sweetest voices in the world, with a sort of English ring in it, say in the next room:

"Clara, dear!"

"Well, dear!" answered another, just in the same English chime.

"Is it the lobster you want?"

"Yes, love," answered Clara. "And I want the ham too; and you may open the oysters—and the sardine box."

"Well," thought I, "if those angels aint going in for a pretty substantial supper, I'm mistaken. But I had more before me to astonish me.

"While you're about it, Clara dear, you may as well open the Yarmouth bloater. I'm going to take all there is in it. And the cheese—the cheese; O, don't forget the cheese!"

All at once Clara, who as nigh as I could judge from the sound, was poking about very industriously, cried out with joy:

"O, I've found the Strasburg pie—the dear little putty foi graw! O, I must go to the bottom of the Strasburg pie!"

"That'll do!" thought I, as I looked back. "I've heard of the English appetites, but don't want to hear any more. I've heard Hiram say that Byron didn't like to see a woman eat; and I don't blame him, if they eat like this. Whew-w!"

There was a rattling sort of a going on for a while, until by-and-by Clara cried:

"I declare, there's my white satin dress in the lobster!"

"And here's my diamond ring in the cheese. O, how odd! Why, I expected to find it in the pie as much as could be."

A dim suspicion began to come into my head that the evening meal of the young ladies wasn't limited to eatables, and that one of the effects of their refreshments was to make things lie around loose in a very promiscuous manner. But what was my utter amazement when the soft, silvery voice of Clara again cried:

"O, dear, I'm so hungry! Lucy love, we've got nothing here of any consequence; let's ring, and make them send us up *something to eat*."

"You'll do!" thought I. "I wonder if you're rich. There'll be a famine in Boston if you stay long—that's so! Ham, lobsters, herring, pies! Ge—WALLIKENS!"

Here I fell asleep, and the next day found me bright and early at the Fitchburg Depot, and rattling off to the ancient shades of Chippety Whonk, where the bones of the Revolutionary soldiers lie buried. And it came to pass that after a while I forgot all about Clara and Lucy, especially as it was a story I didn't care to tell.

About a year after, I was at the celebrated "Bed-Bug and Bible" Temperance Hotel, in a well known city on the North River. While standing there, I got acquainted with two as nice English girls as I ever knew, travelling with "pa," a plump old fellow who had been in the fancy victualling business in London. The girls bore the names, too, of Clara and Lucy, but somehow I never thought of the couple in Boston. Leastways this pair didn't eat much to speak of, and nobody who ever saw their dear clear, cream and rose-leaf faces and beautiful eyes, which sparkled spry with common sense, or else swam about in wonder at the scenery as we went down the river, would have accused them of eating too much, let alone drinking.

I offered, being as I was a single man, to attend to their baggage. They went forward with me to point it out. As we got near the city, there was considerable of a time and flurry, and the girls were in rather of a flurry, too, not being used to travel.

"Well, Miss Lucy," says I, "only point me out your traps, and I'll send them up to the hotel, and fix you off all square as a box. Which is it?"

"O, Mr. Sloper! Pa has got such a queer way of marking his baggage. He was terribly afraid of losing it, and so he put on marks he was sure there could be no mistake about. There—those trunks with such queer little pictures in white paint, under the handles, are ours!"

There was an awful hurry and skurry going on around; porters, firemen, passengers and everything, rushing and crushing about like mad; but as Lucy spoke, and as I looked at her baggage, something came into my mind—a light broke over me like a sky-rocket into midnight, and I burst into the loudest laugh that ever stirred me up since I was born—none of your little town garden gruis, but a regular hundred-thousand-acre guffaw! It spread the square mile—a whole western prairie laugh. The old gentleman, wanting to distinguish his baggage, had pencilled little store marks under the handles—such marks as you, reader, can see at the groceries on boxes of imported preserves and potted meats. On one trunk was a lobster, on another a herring, on one a cheese, on another a pie. Yes, it was in that identical "lobster" that Clara kept her white satin dress, and in that very "cheese" that Lucy had discovered her diamond ring.

Moral.—All is not gold that glitters, and all lobsters and pies were not made to be eaten. Neither is it always possible to judge of a young lady without seeing her, though old folks tell us that wives should be chosen by the ears and not by the eyes.

A SAMPLE OF HEADS.

A somewhat consequential but evidently verdant individual approached one of the delivery windows, at the post-office, a short time since, and addressing the clerk then and there on duty, said:

"Do you keep heads here?"

"Heads?" answered the clerk.

"Yes, heads," was the reply.

"O," responded the clerk, "you mean stamps?"

"Well, stamps."

A stamp was produced and closely examined by the outsider.

"How much for this?" asked he.

"Three cents."

"Suppose I take a hundred—can you not let me have them cheaper?"

"No, not if you take a million."

"Then give me a dozen or so, for a sample, and if I like them, I will purchase a quantity."
—*Spirit of the Times.*

ELICITING AN IDEA.

Two Dutchmen living opposite each other, who had been for many years in the habit of smoking by their doorsides in silence, at length broke forth in the following dialogue: "What sort of wedder you tink it will be to-day, neighbor?" "Well, I don't know; what sort of wedder do you tink it will be?" The first, somewhat nettled, "I tink it will be wedder as you tink it will be." The other, acquiescingly, "Well, I tink so too."—*Pennsylvanian.*

TURKISH CHARACTER.

It was said by Gibbon most truly, that the Turks have been, since the period of the Conquest, encamped, not settled in Europe. They amount to a third, or a fourth, at the utmost, of the population of that part of the sultan's dominions. They are scattered in very unequal proportions over its surface. In some parts they form a tolerably thick agricultural population. In others, as at Constantinople itself, they are engaged in the trades and manufactures of a large city. But nowhere do they exercise those extended operations of skill and thought, which bring men together, cause them to rely on each other, give them the habit of combined peaceful action, and impart to them the intelligence and the energy on which alone a strong commonwealth is built up. The Armenians are their bankers; the Jews their dealers; the Greeks their merchants. The very organization of the people seems to have denied them those finer qualities, both mental and corporeal, which fit men for the superior branches of industry. A Turk's fingers, Dr. Walsh quaintly observes, seem all to be thumbs: he has no manual dexterity for any delicate employment, and his mind is as unfit for subtile operations as his body. The Turks neither write nor print (with the exception of bombastic poetry, and more bombastic history.) They do not build, but destroy. They show no wish to adorn the soil which they inhabit, or to connect, in any way, the existence of the present generation with posterity. Their object in this world seems to be mere animal existence, as completely as that of the beasts of the field. Their religious sense is deep, enduring, exalted; but it is a religion which deadens and stupifies the intellectual faculties.—*Walsh's Residence at Constantinople.*

PERILS OF THE RAIL IN AMERICA.

The rays of the sun never penetrate the forest, and evening was deepening the gloom of the artificial twilight, when gradually we became enveloped in a glare redder and fiercer than that of moonlight; and, looking ahead I saw the forest on fire, and we were rushing into the flames. "Close the windows, there's a fire ahead," said the conductor; and, after obeying this commonplace direction, many of the passengers returned to the slumbers which had been so unseasonably disturbed. On, on we rushed—the flames encircled us around—we were enveloped in clouds of stifling smoke—crack, crash went the trees—a blazing stem fell across the line—the fender of the engine pushed it aside—the flames hissed like tongues of fire, and then, leaping like serpents, would rush up to the top of the largest tree, and it would blaze like a pine knot. There seemed no egress; but, in a few minutes the raging, roaring conflagration was left behind. A forest on fire from a distance looks much like Punch's picture of a naval review; a near view is the height of sublimity. The dangers of the cars, to my inexperience, seemed by no means over with the escape of being roasted alive. A few miles from Cleveland they rushed down a steep incline, apparently into Lake Erie, but in reality upon a platform supported on piles, so narrow that the edges of the cars hung over it, so that I saw nothing but water. A gale was blowing, and drove the surf upon the platform, and the spray against the windows, giving such a feeling of insecurity that for a moment, I wished myself in one of our "coon sentry boxes."—*English Woman in America.*

News Glances.

Robbing the Blind.—A blind woman, named Clara Davenport, who has for some time past been going about the streets of Albany, offering for sale religious books, was recently deserted by a boy whom she had employed as guide. He took with him a large sum of money. One of these days we shall hear of that boy being tried for murder, and acquitted on the ground of "justifiable insanity."

Science.—For all practical purposes true science is a thorough knowledge of a man's own business. And a farmer who knows how to make the most profit with the least amount of labor and capital—who understands how to make the most of his land without impoverishing it, but rather continually improving it, is truly scientific.

Improved Machinery.—They have a mammoth cotton gin in New Orleans. It has one hundred and twenty saws, with the main pulley in the centre, and calculated to gin fifteen bales of cotton a day. One negro will be able to feed, and there is no doubt it will come into universal use. The gin has been thoroughly tested at the factory, and worked admirably.

Tricks of Rogues.—The rogues of London have hit upon a new expedient. They go here and there in gangs, and employ themselves in pulling out the hairs from horses' tails, for the manufacture of ladies' chains. These hair chains and hair rings are all the fashion, and the poor horses have to suffer in consequence.

Increase of Immigration.—According to the report of the committee of emigration of New York city, immigration from Europe seems to be rapidly on the increase: 114,562 have already landed at that port the present year, and they now arrive at the rate of 3500 per week.

Hints to Sportsmen.—Gunpowder should be carried in a flask, or, if loose in the pocket, should never be mixed with friction matches. If a crack should be detected in your gun barrel, tie it firmly round with a bit of string, for fear of accidents.

A new Business.—Orange and lemon box shocks are now manufactured at Pittsfield and Newport, Maine, and sent out to Messina and Palermo in the island of Sicily. Yankees are rather smart, after all.

Privateering.—Mr. Marcy's proposition with regard to privateering seems to be a sensible one. Its effect would be to confine the conflicts on the sea to armed national vessels of war, which, of course, abolishes privateering.

Youth.—An English paper calls James E. Murdoch, the popular American actor now playing in England, "Young Mr. Murdoch." Well, well—James is well on to fifty—nice little boy, though.

Vegetables for Winter.—The Shakers of Oneida County, New York, bottled about two thousand quarts of tomatoes this year. Tomatoes are among the healthiest vegetables we have.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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FINE WRITING.

The most detestable style in which man spoils paper and misuses type is what is termed "fine writing," or, in common parlance, the "high-falutin'" style, and it is one of the crying evils of the day. Whereas the end of writing is to convey thought, the purpose of this style seems to be to conceal it. The high-falutin' writers are legion, and newspaper readers are particularly bored with their lucubrations, which generally read like prose run mad. If a writer, for instance, has to tell us that the sun rose without a cloud, he will say, "the effulgent orb of day soared upward in the firmament without a single vaporous exhalation to obscure the emanation of its rays." If a member of Mr. Briggins's family has died, the reporter will have it that "Azrael, the dark angel of death, has projected his dark shadow and flapped his funeral wings within the dwelling of our respected fellow-citizen, Blank Briggins, Esq." People are not married now-a-days—they are "united by the silken bond of Hymen." Sometimes a sentiment of delicacy is the motive of the adoption of the superfine style, as when a reporter, speaking of the dying speech and execution of a notorious criminal, said: "Our fellow-citizen, Slawkey, yesterday addressed a large crowd of his townsmen, assembled near the court house, from an elevated platform. We noticed several distinguished persons on the stage near him, the sheriff of the county and our respected clergyman. At the conclusion of his discourse, Slawkey rapidly descended from the lofty structure from which he had addressed the enthusiastic multitude."

Amplification being a leading feature of the high falutin' style, we fancy it originated with the penny-a-liners, who, being paid for their matter by quantity and not by quality, were of course anxious to give as much extension as possible to their remarks. Mr. Triplet, in "Peg Woffington," is an artist in this line. He sits down to write out the following facts: "A farthing dip is on the table. It wants snuffing. He jumped up and snuffed it with his fingers; burned his fingers, and swore a little." These simple matters are elaborated by the pen of Mr. Triplet, as follows: "A solitary candle cast its pale gleams around. Its elongated wick betrayed an owner steeped in oblivion. He rose languidly, and trimmed it with an instrument that he had by his side for that purpose, and muttered a silent ejaculation."

Such is the power of genius—we mean high-falutin' genius! It is seen in all its glory in the Western stump orator; in him it sparkles, coruscates and flames. But of a truth, the high-falutin' is the only style adapted to the stump; Ciceronian elegance and laconic purity are out of place there!—but our written language certainly requires reformation.

NICKNAMES.—There are places in this country even where individuals are only known by their nicknames. We remember an illustration of this fact. A case in law was being tried in Salem, and a witness by the name of John Florence was called. There was no answer. The late Judge Story, then a practitioner at the Essex bar, rose, and said: "May it please your honor, I will call the witness: Skipper Florry!" A weather-beaten tar answered, "Here I am, sir!" His name was really Florence, but he only answered to the hail of *Flurry!*

FEMALE BEAUTY.—In Tunis, as in many eastern countries, fat women only are deemed beautiful. When a girl is betrothed, she is cooped up and literally fattened for the matrimonial market till she attains the requisite degree of plumptitude. About two hundred weight is considered a fair average, but a girl who can pull two hundred and fifty on the scales is a perfect Venus.

DEAFNESS.—Mr. Curtis, the author of a treatise on deafness, declared that many people are deaf from sheer negligence. Giving themselves up to abstractions, they answer you with—"Did you speak?—what?—eh?" etc, and in time, from the force of habit, they become really deaf. We fancy there is more truth than poetry in the theory.

THE OPERA.—The tradespeople of New York don't like the idea of Italian opera being given up. One enterprising milliner offers to contribute one hundred dollars towards its re-establishment. The retail dry goods dealers and milliners are deeply interested in this matter, for silks and satins, crotchets and quavers go together.

MUSICAL.—Organ-grinders are very prevalent, and promise to be yet more so. "The cry is still they come." In one week fifty-nine organ-grinders, with their instruments and monkeys, landed at Castle Garden. But the weather fortunately permits us to keep our windows shut.

ENGLISH KNOWLEDGE AND GRAMMAR.—The London Star, speaking of American affairs, says: "There was a time when Washington was the President of the Republic, and when *Hamilton*, Jefferson and Adams *was* his successors."

MODEST.—A tailor in New York gravely advertises a "new method of cutting garments by all systems that ever have been, or ever may be invented."

SILK.—Four and a half millions of raw silk are exported annually from China into this country.

EDITORIAL SATISFACTION.

We have often laughed over the way in which the real editor of the John Bull newspaper used to cause the "comather" over belligerent individuals who took offence at the manner in which they were handled in that spicy and audacious sheet, of which Theodore Hook was the principal conductor and writer. A gallant colonel, a near relation of an illustrious English house, taking amiss at some innocent freedom of the editor, determined to teach him manners by a smart application of the horsewhip. By the way, we should mention that, as usual, the editor guarded the *incognito*, and no one knew from whose quiver came the arrows that caused such stings and irritation. Well, our noble son of Mars, full of ardor and fury, walked into the John Bull office, grasping in his right hand the riding master's whip of the regiment. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shown into a room, and informed that the editor would wait on him directly.

Like unto a chafed lion of Numidia, the colonel walked up and down the room, flourishing his weapon of vengeance, dealing severe cuts at an imaginary foe, and "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." At last the door opened, and in marched an individual of Brobdignag species, clad in a thick white coat, a red Belcher handkerchief knotted round his throat, with a broad oil-skin hat upon his head, and a most uncompromising-looking oaken cudgel under his arm. "What might you want with me?" asked this engaging individual. "I wished to see the editor." "I am the editor, at your *service*," replied the giant, taking from its rest a stick, about the size and thickness of a clothes-pole, and suspiciously moistening the palm of his right hand. "Indeed!" ejaculated the colonel, edging towards the door; "I will call another time." "Whenever you please, sir," said the giant, with a grin; and the parties separated. It is needless to say that the colonel did not repeat his visit, being made aware that the John Bull newspaper kept a fighting as well as a writing editor.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

Every lady, who has the opportunity, ought to be a good rider. Riding is a graceful, invigorating and healthy exercise. But we must protest against a custom that is growing up, of offering prizes at our agricultural fairs for horsewomanship, as we think it tends to foster a masculine and bold spirit among the fairer portions of creation. No doubt the competitors for these prizes have been true-hearted ladies, but the excitement of contention has blinded them to the fact that a public exhibition of skill before a promiscuous assemblage is subversive of the cherished notions of female delicacy. We should not like to see our fair countrywomen degenerate into female jockeys—and we should certainly grieve to see one of our female friends putting her horse round the track to win the suffrages of judges and the applause of the crowd. It may be said that ladies frequently ride through the streets of crowded cities before the eyes of thousands of spectators. True, but they ride from necessity and not for the purpose of exhibition, and the people are casual spectators, and not assembled to judge their horsemanship. Such is our opinion of this practice. There are other objectionable features. Not long ago we recorded the death of one of these lady riders, the winner of a prize, from the effects of the excitement and fatigue of the race. We do not fancy that this sort of exhibition will ever be very popular.

HONOR FOR DISHONOR.—Mr. Crampton, Queen Victoria's minister to this government, clandestinely aided his subordinates in transgressing our laws, by enlisting troops for the Crimea, for which he was finally dismissed by the President. He went home and was apparently rebuked for his misconduct which came near plunging two nations in war, but in six months he was made Knight Commander of the Bath. Comment is unnecessary.

A LITTLE LEARNING.—The ladies of Lima, though perfect perils, are no blue stockings. A traveller says that even some who are reputed learned and wise believe that England is a city, and the capital of a country called London. And one of these ladies actually asked an American commodore in what part of Philadelphia Liverpool was.

A CONFESSION.—When Bronks was in durance vile, he was asked by a friend how he came to be incarcerated. "For telling lies," he replied. "Telling lies!—that's not a statute offence, except under oath." "It's a fact, though," said Bronks; "I'm in for telling people I'd pay 'em, and then not keeping my word."

THE SONG OF BIRDS.—It is a remarkable fact that the songs of birds are always songs of pleasure. They scream when in fear or pain, but never sing, as those who hear them can readily notice. Many a poor prima donna has been compelled to sing in public when her soul was racked with anguish or her body with disease.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A lady friend of ours, in Roxbury, lately treated a man who had just sawed a cord of wood with a glass of her home-made currant wine, and asked him how he liked it. "Upon my word, ma'am," replied the connoisseur, "it's cenamost as good as bad sherry."

THACKERAY.—This brilliant and powerful writer, as well known here as in England, has been spending some time at Spa, brooding over the characters of a new serial but not serious novel.

PROOF OF INSANITY.—A man was recently sent to Somerville on the ground that he had paid his tailor's bill and returned a borrowed umbrella. He is supposed to be incurable.

USE FOR COFFEE.—Fresh ground coffee is strongly recommended as a deodoriser and purifier in sick rooms.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

At Frederickton about fourteen bears have already been killed this season.

Mr. Allen's Victoria Regia lily, at Salem, is dead at last.

Mr. Prince, of Flushing, L. I., has raised 35,000 plants of the Chinese potato.

The death of his mother adds $15,000 a year to Smith O'Brien's income.

An exchange says a man recently thrown from a buggy was "fatally killed."

From thirty to forty children are annually stolen from parents in New York city.

Silver coin is scarce in Europe—gold will have to be substituted.

Dumas says: "Work incessantly, and seek rest in the variety of your labor."

The ladies of Constantinople now wear a transparent *yalmak* (veil).

Mr. Vivier, the cornist, is the gentleman who "blows his own horn."

Miss Dorothy Dix, the philanthropist, is our Florence Nightingale.

A firm in New York has engaged to ship 6000 bushels of apples to England.

Young Dumas made $6000 by his play of "La Dame aux Camelias."

Ice, made by artificial cold, is extensively manufactured at Cleveland, Ohio.

The rise in the price of silks at Lyons, France, is stated at forty per cent.

A bear, weighing 457 pounds, was lately killed at Chatham, N. H.

The great question is, whether a joke is good for anything after it's *cracked*.

Horse-racing seems now to be perfectly established as a Boston institution.

Tom Thumb has been taking part in a play at the Museum, New York.

Horse railroads are all the go now. There is a perfect fever for them.

The new steamship Borussia was lately saved from sinking at sea by watertight compartments.

The Boston Metropolitan Railroad has forty cars on the track.

M. Godard has been very successful in his balloon ascensions of late.

The Grand Trunk Railway is now open clear to Toronto, in Canada.

MORE THAN A MATCH.

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in the athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D——, a great pugilistic amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house, when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman by the collar of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working. When his lordship had got himself fairly picked up, the farmer said: "Well, have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be so good as to throw me my horse."

MOZART'S SON.—Among the notabilities at the Mozart festival, held at Salzburg, was an old silver-haired man, called Karl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, and last of the name. He was the greatest living object of interest present. He had gone all the way from Milan to enjoy the fete, and, although things were not cheap, there was not the slightest danger of his lacking a dinner or champagne, although his father might have wanted both. The only fear was that he would be killed with kindness.

GREATNESS.—Fat men are never great men, except in a physical sense; jolly dogs and good companions all, but dying and leaving no name behind them. Sir John Falstaff could never have written Paradise Lost. Cicero, Demosthenes, Pope, Voltaire, Byron, and a hundred others that might be cited, were "lean and hungry men," like Cassius.

SHOOTING.—Messrs. Fournier and Vidal, editors of two French Canadian papers, recently fought a duel with pistols—neither hurt. One of the accounts says that shots were twice exchanged before the parties shook hands. In these affairs the parties' hands often shake before they fire.

GOOD-BY.—How many thoughtlessly utter these words without being aware of their meaning. It is a contraction, or rather corruption of the good old English phrase, "God be with you!" like the French *adieu*, or the Italian *addio*, a commendation to the care of the Father of all.

THE PRINTER.—The printer may have a *bank* and *coins* without being worth a cent, have *small caps*, and yet neither wife nor child. Others may run fast, but he gets along through the world by *setting fast*. So says one who knows.

THE FASHION.—Willis shaved off his mustache, lately, before visiting New York, not wishing to appear odd. But he found everybody wearing mustachios, so that his smooth lip passed for an eccentricity.

CURIOUS.—Young girls like balls, young men like belles, brokers like bills, topers like bowls, and cardinals like bulls; so by changing a vowel a great variety of tastes is suited.

HONORABLE.—The English telegraph companies lately gave a banquet to Professor Morse in London, which was attended by many scientific gentlemen interested in the telegraph.

BOLD VILLANY.—Forged paper to the amount of over $550,000 has been issued by Huntington, the New York broker.

BREADTH OF FASHION.—A fashionable lady's dress has been compared to a city corporation dinner, viz.—an immense spread.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Mabel, the Rector's Ward: or, Truth and Treason in 1776." A Revolutionary romance of love and loyalty. By MAJOR DAN: PERLEY POORE.

"Patience," a poem by L. H. F.

"On the Wharf," a nautilous story by FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"The Old Church," stanzas by JAMES F. FITTS.

"The Rich Cousin," a tale by Mrs. MARY MAYNARD.

"Falling Down," verses by ALVIN HOMER.

"The Painter's Widow," a story by ARRE T. WILSON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of the State House, Springfield, Illinois.

Delineations of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, giving, first, an interior view of the new Gallery; second, a representation of Innocence; third, the Captive Bird; fourth, busts of Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun; fifth, the Child of the Sea; and, sixth, the Wood Nymph.

Railroad Station at Springfield, Illinois.

A picturesque sketch of Washington Street, Springfield, Illinois.

Court House and Bank, Springfield, Illinois.

Portrait of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the world-renowned lady traveller.

Picture of the Asylum for Fatherless Children at Dennard Hill, England.

Five beautiful designs illustrating parts of Mrs. Hemans's popular poem of Bernardo del Carpio.

A large and effective engraving representing Edwin Forrest in five great characters he enacts on the stage.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The railway of the Euphrates has been definitely conceded to an English company.

The latest accounts from Naples state that the king was less disposed than ever to make concessions.

An Austrian squadron, consisting of three steamers and six gunboats, has been ordered to Constantinople.

The discovery of coal of most excellent quality in the Ural Mountains, in Russia, is confirmed beyond a doubt.

The Duke of Modena is fortifying his frontiers on the Piedmont side, in order to guard against invasion from that quarter.

Russia will not renounce the principles of the Holy Alliance, but will endeavor to procure the co-operation of Austria in her Neapolitan policy.

The Isle of Serpents' question has not been satisfactorily adjusted yet. The French squadron has been ordered to co-operate with the English fleet.

The Bank of Vienna, it is said, has a stock of specie amounting to 87,000,000 of florins, including a considerable sum in United States dollars.

The English Charge d'Affaires at Madrid has entered a protest against any return of Queen Christina to Madrid. The Spanish government is said to have warmly resented this interference.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says a Congress will forthwith assemble in Paris, to arrange the difficulties touching the Danubian Principalities, and those between the allies and Russia.

The Dutch ship Banca, from Macao for Havana, with Coolies, put back to M. in distress. While lying in port, the Coolies rebelled, and were fired upon by the crew, and driven below, whereupon they set fire to the ship, and out of 500 souls on board, only 150 escaped.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Grace is the mustard seed from which springs the tree of glory.

He who drinks the health of everybody drinks away his own.

It is no sin to be tempted, and all who will may resist.

A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout.

He that sins against men may fear discovery, but he who sins against God is sure of it.

A man shows as scant a stock of ideas as of gallantry, who compliments one woman at the expense of another.

There is nothing so like a cry of pain as a scream of delight. There's nothing so closely approaches a look of madness as a look of joy.

There are few men who cannot console themselves for not being generally loved, if they can reasonably hope that they are generally esteemed.

Too austere a philosophy makes few wise men; too pompous politics, few good subjects; too hard a religion, few religious persons, whose devotion is of long continuance.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

The true motto for life is to do right, and let the consequences take care of themselves. It is all sheer vanity to strive to accommodate yourself in every point to the whims and notions of some other persons, and try to square your ideas to please this or that sect or party.

Joker's Budget.

The author always the most appreciated is he who is the author of his fortune.

The Prince of Wales, it is said, is called by his sister, on account of his peremptory manner, "Mister Upper Crust."

A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first time, votes you a bore the second, and quarrels with you the third.

A musical composer being asked if he had done anything lately, replied that his last work was a composition—*with his creditors*.

When a lady says she'll give you "a bit of her mind," do you think there's any chance of her doing so without breaking the peace?

In voting the supplies for the Bell of the Parliament clock, would it not be the Speaker who would have the *casting* vote?

Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places such Londoners as get cashed up by railroad collisions, or financially busted.

Mr. Wilkinson says that when our great parliamentary orators rave for hours about their love of country, they mean their love of talking.—*Punch*.

The Rochester Democrat gives the following as a certain cure for fleas on dogs: "Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous."

What a queer way some people have of expressing their admiration. Byron was so in raptures with Sir Walter Scott, that he said he was the only man in England that he longed to get drunk with.

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another, what place he had travelled from? "I came *straight* from London," replied he. "Did you so?" said the other; "then you have been terribly *warped by the way*."

Quill and Scissors.

The successful trip of a Chicago vessel direct to Liverpool, has started the idea in the first named city of establishing a line to run regularly between the two places. If any body had suggested such a thought a hundred years ago, as a vessel sailing from near the head waters of the Mississippi in an almost straight line to Liverpool, he would have been thought a greater dreamer than those who talk of making the passage of the Atlantic in a balloon.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that there is now a decided scarcity of laborers in all branches of industry in that city, and stories of famishing sewing girls, able-bodied persons vainly seeking employment, and throngs of people dependent on soup kitchens for their daily sustenance, are no longer heard of, as they were two years ago.

The wolves were never before known to be so numerous or so ravenous as they are this season in Canada. It is unsafe to be alone on the public highways after dark. Reports speak almost every week of some of their ravages through the country. Almost every body has been visited by them, and mischief done to a greater or less extent.

In Evansburg, Pa., old Mr. John Slough, while sitting in his carriage, recently, lit a cigar, and dropped the match upon some straw, which took fire, and set fire to his clothing, burning him so that he died shortly afterward. The old gentleman's daughter had been riding with her father, but left him while she went a shopping.

From Shanghae we have dates to the 31st of July. The movements of the rebels still created much uneasiness, but large bodies of Tartar troops had been brought down from the North, and there was a report that the rebels had been defeated, and obliged to retire towards Ching Kiang Foo.

The Russian government has arranged with the most eminent bankers of Europe, for the main lines of railroad, the whole length being over 3000 miles, and the present constituted capital being $60,000,000, but looking to the expenditure of $220,000,000 before completion.

The Manchester Union announces the death of Mr. Anner Hogg at New Boston, N. H., at the age of 97. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and fought on Bunker Hill and several other fields of Revolutionary issue. He was a good man and a true patriot.

Mr. Amos Sellew, of Boston, was recently drowned at Truro, while proceeding on shore in a boat from the schooner Chatham, with an iron fence, to be placed around the graves of some relatives. The boat capsized and went down, and Mr. S. with it.

Professor Morse has succeeded in telegraphing over the united wires of the Magnetic Telegraph, English and Irish Company, a distance of 2000 miles, at the rate of 210 signals per minute, thus proving the practicability of an Atlantic communication.

In Mornington, Canada, lately, the skeletons of two women were found who went out to look for their cows, and were killed and eaten by wolves, which are numerous. A man who is missing is supposed to have been devoured by them.

The shipment of railroad iron from England to India is still employing a very large amount of English and American tonnage; and railroads upon a truly gigantic scale are in course of actual construction in British India.

The arrivals at Quebec the present year up to October 18, were 881 vessels of 461,726 tons. In 1855, during the same time, the arrivals were 656 vessels of 340,983 tons; in 1854, 1563 vessels of 357,478 tons.

Wm. H. H. Welch, a young man about seventeen years of age, son of Mr. Jonathan Welch, accidentally shot himself while on a gunning expedition, in the woods near Gloucester, recently, and died immediately.

A young woman, named Temple, while laboring under great excitement at a religious revival in Vernon, Conn., recently, and giving utterance to her feelings in shouts, suddenly fell to the ground, dead.

A speculator in Liverpool, England, offered the city authorities, recently, $5000 per annum for the use of the lamp posts, to post advertising bills on. The offer was not accepted.

The kind lady who sent us a mince pie, says a Western editor, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by a press of other matter.

The receipts of flour and grain at Chicago this season are enormous, amounting to 16,000,000 bushels of grain and 578,580 bbls. of flour.

The city of Buffalo has so large a foreign population that the naturalized citizens have a majority of 1500 votes over the native citizens.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Biddle, Mr. Rupert D. I. Davidson to Miss Isabella Anderson.

By Rev. Mr. Hewett, Mr. Emanuel Morse to Miss Jane E. Norton.

By Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Christopher Tilden, Jr., of Dorchester, to Miss Caroline R. Scott.

By Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. William T. Alger to Miss Sarah F. T. Weston.

By Rev. Mr. Hale, Mr. Alfred Hill, of Brookline, to Miss Theoda Josephine Hinkley.

By Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Abner A. Kingman to Miss Sarah J. Kingman.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, Charles L. Sturgeon, Esq. to Miss Mary Rom Tinsley.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, Tracy P. Cheever, Esq. to Miss Louisa E. Kilburn.

At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Babcock, Samuel Haskell, Esq., of New York, to Miss Mary F. Amory.

At Hudson, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Webster D. Holden, of Boston, to Miss Louisa Sylvester.

At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Seaverns, Mr. Charles Trull, of Somerville, to Miss Rachel Ann Allen.

At South Reading, by Rev. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Jonas Read to Mrs. Hannah Walker, of Boston.

At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Henry L. Fearing to Miss Jane S. Lincoln.

At Georgetown, by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr. J. S. Moody to Miss Anna E., daughter of Hon. Moses Tenney.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Mariner Goodwin to Miss Alice Ohley.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Mcgridge, Mr. Charles H. Mcgridge to Miss Alice Baker.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Eunice Waterman, 72; Mr. Henry Cleary, 28; Mr. George Dacon, 66; Miss Harriet Pomeroy Clarke, 31; Mr. Charles W. Hackell, 41; Mr. James V. Honeyburn, 36; Mrs. Mary Ann Richardson, 30; Mrs. Mary Fessenden, 79; Mr. Newell Sturtevant, 48; Mr. George A. Woods, 46.

At Cambridge, Miss Elizabeth Thacher Bartlett; Mrs. Sybil W. Collins, 88.

At Dorchester, George C. Thacher, Esq., 59; Mr. Eleazer Wilder, 79; widow Hannah Lyon, 78.

At Chelsea, Miss Agnes Cunningham, 29.

At Somerville, Mr. James Jackson Gardner, 42.

At Jamaica Plain, Edward D. Peters, Esq., 71.

At Medford, Mrs. Nancy F. Waterman, 36; Miss Ellen W. Curtis, 17.

At Winchester, Mr. Abner Chapman, 90; Mrs. Dorcas Fletcher, 82.

At Quincy, Widow Sarah Gay, 70; Widow Sarah Adams, late of Boston, 70.

At Abington Centre, Dr. Ezekiel Thaxter, 69; Mrs. Sophia Cushing, 66.

At Worcester, Mr. Shepard Pratt, of Shrewsbury, 83.

At Auburn, Mrs. Sally Sibley, 82; Mrs. Charlotte D. Rice, 58.

At Leominster, Samuel Abbott, Esq., formerly of Boston, 91.

At Westport, Mrs. Maria F. Wordell, 26.

At Paxton, Widow Susan Anthony, 86.

At Petersham, Mr. Oliver Holman, 69.

At Lunenburg, Mrs. Lucy, wife of Mr. Samuel W. Baker, 65.

At Bristol, Vt., Mr. Calvin Eastman, the first settler of the town, 97.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

OLD TIMOTHY GRAY.

BY ASSON TERNELL.

Ah, well do I remember old Timothy Gray,
Though fleeting years have passed away;
The silver hairs that covered his brow,
And his tottering stope, I remember now.

I remember well that feeble form,
Which had withstood life's furious storm;
His pleasant eye that had now grown dim,
His withered hands and visage thin.

Old Timothy lived in a cottage small,
Near the hill-side road that led to the mall;
The trees and flowerets grew by the hill,
And music came from the rippling rill.

The wild jessamine covered o'er his cot,
And twined around in graceful knots
Near the door, where his daughter was wont to play,
And chase the pleasant hours away.

The trees, the cot, the flowers and rill,
Though vanished for aye, I remember still;
No more shall there bloom the lovely rose,
Where the good old man has sunk to repose.

But memory lives; and oft in life
My thoughts shall turn from care and strife
To the spot where the old man's spirit fled,
And a tribute of affection shed.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HUNCHBACK:

— OR, —

THE HINDOO PRINCESS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

Our story opens upon a sunny afternoon in India, upon the banks of that sacred Ganges wherein the Hindoo laves his body with prayerful trust in its healing powers. Gaudy flowers are nodding over its rippling course, loading its surface with their dainty fragrance, and here, stretching back from the sloping banks, lies a garden which nature and art have combined to render strikingly beautiful. There is an Oriental luxuriance and lavish splendor in these peerless gardens, but more beautiful than all the statuary and floral gems, the eye falls at once upon a child of exquisite symmetry and loveliness.

She cannot be more than eight or nine years of age, yet her sweet development of form gives promise of extreme beauty. Literally loaded with flowers, the air is musical with her merry laugh and joyous words. Too light in her soft olive complexion for a Hindoo, she is yet too dark for an European, and the practised eye would as once detect those tokens that indicate the mingled blood of both races.

Following close upon the footsteps of this little houri came a youthful form of the other sex, perhaps a year her senior. Sharing her innocent delight, he was her playmate, but hardly of the same race. His young but intelligent features were of that clear, European complexion, that contrasted finely with the olive of his companion's cheek. They threw themselves together upon the ground, near the cooling influence of a sparkling fountain, and commenced to entwine their vines of gaudy leaves and flowers into wreaths for each other. Not far from them, a Nubian servant, evidently entrusted with their charge, after watching them with half closed eyes, at last dropped lazily upon the ground where he stood, not even seeking the friendly shelter of a tree, but dropping thoughtlessly to sleep beneath the burning rays of the afternoon sun.

We should never tire of watching those beautiful children, so thoughtless and so happy—the picture of innocence, of peaceful joy.

Stay! What stealthy and hideous form is that crouching and creeping towards the Nubian? So cautious and cat-like does it make its approach that the children are entirely ignorant of its proximity. On, on it comes, until it is nearly upon the Nubian. Heaven protect the sleeping one, for the strange animal with glaring eyes and distended mouth is just upon him! Ha! that fiendish form now rises to its height—it is a hyena! His bof breath is upon the Nubian's brow; but he wakes not. Look again; the creature turns towards the children; they are more tempting prey for his appetite. He moves on slowly, but steadily!

At that moment the boy's back was towards the fearful beast, and his companion, looking up suddenly from the wreath she was braiding, screams with utter terror at the sight of the approaching beast. The boy springs to his feet at once, but hardly before the wild animal is upon him. With brave instinct he reaches to a heavy pruning knife, which a gardener has left hard by, and with the quickness of light springs back between the hyena and the girl just as the animal leaped forward. The lad, with steady eye and hand, poised his sharp weapon so that he thrust it down the very throat of the furious creature, receiving upon his breast the headlong fury of the animal, which was aimed for the more delicate child.

The screams of the girl aroused the half stupid Nubian, who rushed forward in time to disengage the poor boy from the dying grasp which the hyena had taken upon his arm as the two rolled together upon the ground. That bold thrust of the knife at the opportune moment, and the prompt interposition of his own person before that of his companion, saved the child's life beyond a doubt; and so that lovely and trembling being felt as she now threw her arms tenderly about the young hero's neck, and then sobbed hysterically.

The Nubian, trembling with fear at his thoughtless neglect, now conducted the children towards the doors of his master's palace, turning ever and anon to look back and assure himself that the hyena was really dead; for the whole encounter had been so rapid as to seem more like a troubled dream than real fact.

The English rule and conquests in India have vastly changed the Hindoo race. Sir De Lacy Howard, governor of the district of Jungepoor, under the English home government, had resided long in Northern India. Hither he had carried with him a gay wife and a cousin, a beautiful girl, who was also his ward. His high position in authority brought him much in contact with the rajah, Hafiz Roy, rightful prince of the soil over which Sir De Lacy Howard was placed as governor. The rajah, with unlimited wealth, and a somewhat indolent and ease-loving disposition, preferred social ease to lordly control, and therefore peaceably grew up to his estate with only the name of prince.

Hafiz Roy and Sir De Lacy were very warm friends, and finally a closer tie was woven between them by the marriage of the rajah with Sir De Lacy's ward, the beautiful English girl who had accompanied his wife to India. The English governor was highly prosperous in his ventures, outside of his official capacity, and was only too happy in rendering his home a palace of comfort and luxury, while the rajah's splendid mode of living was the envy of half of Bengal. The scene we have just described occurred in the gardens of the rajah's palace, and the children were the daughter of Hafiz Roy and the son of Sir De Lacy Howard.

Was it to be wondered at that those children afterwards felt bound to each other by the strongest ties? From earliest infancy they had been playmates, had been like brother and sister to each other, but now Zamine seemed to lean upon little Alfred Howard with as much confidence in his power to protect her as though he were a full grown man, in place of a tiny though resolute boy. Zamine's deep dark eyes were never tired of beaming tenderness upon him, and he was ever content so that she were but his companion.

It is no secret to say that the parents of each saw this with delight, for from the first years of their birth, those parents had designed them for each other, should Heaven bless them with life and health.

"What did papa mean about your going away, dear Alfred?" asked Zamine, as the two walked together with arms about each other's waists.

The boy shook his head seriously, but made no reply.

"Why do you not tell me, Alfred?" persisted Zamine, looking tenderly up into his face, and folding her two hands over his shoulder.

"Nay, dear Zamine," he answered, touched by her affectionate appeal, "it is a matter I do not like to talk nor think about."

"What, dear Alfred?"

"Why, this going away," he answered; "this leaving home and *you*."

"But you'll be back again directly?" asked his companion, eagerly.

"Nay, if I go, it will be for not a few days, but years, Zamine."

The child looked at him inquiringly for a moment, while her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears. The boy stooped tenderly and kissed them away, but could not trust his own voice to speak, lest it should betray the tender emotion that was struggling at his heart.

"You know, Zamine," he said, after a moment's delay, "that I am going to England, to be educated after the manner of our country, and to improve the superior advantages afforded them for self-cultivation. You know we have heard our fathers speak often of this plan."

"Yes, dear Alfred, but I have thought the time so far off that I have not heeded it much, and now you say it has nearly come, I tremble to think of it. O, Alfred, what should I do without you?"

As Zamine said this, she laid her head upon his young breast and wept in silence, while the tears also fell fast from her companion's eyes upon her dark, glossy hair. It was their first sorrow, and to both it was very earnest.

But Alfred was right; he was to be sent at once to England, and to adopt a thorough course of classical study, to fit himself for Oxford; nor could he expect to see India, or the loved ones he must leave behind him there, for many a long and weary year. Perhaps he would never see them all again.

It was a sad day among the family and friends when young Alfred was got ready to take ship from Calcutta. Sir De Lacy Howard placed great hopes and much parental affection in his promising son, and his leave-taking for the long absence was made quite a formal affair. His father, mother and Zamine all accompanied him across the country to the post of departure. In the vehicle the two children sat side by side. Silently Alfred held the hand of his little playmate, but they exchanged hardly a word with each other. Both realized their long separation to come.

At last the hour came for him to go on shipboard. His young heart beat rapidly; there were some pleasurable sensations in his feelings, a curious expectancy of adventure, a desire to see the world, interest in the huge ship that now floated in full sight with her sails all ready to waft him far away to the land of his fathers. Zamine stood with tearful eyes upon the shore, her tiny hand still in his, when he kissed her tenderly, and said: "May I have one of those curls, dear Zamine?"

Child as she was, Zamine blushed, just the faintest little blush, as she ran her hand through her dark, clustering ringlets, and selecting one, held it up for him to cut. "If you want it, dear Alfred!"

The boy hastily secured the glossy treasure, pressed his lips to her own, was once more embraced by his parents, and hastening into the boat that awaited him, threw himself into the stern sheets, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to the flood of childish and innocent feeling that he had struggled until this moment to suppress.

The topsails were loosed and sheeted home, the broad canvass, sail after sail, was spread upon the English ship, the hoarse words of command came over the water, and she shaped her course far out into the Bay of Bengal. Alfred maintained his stand near the taffrail until the shore faded entirely from view, and then he sought his berth to cry himself to sleep, to dream of the home he left behind him, with father, mother, and his dearly loved playmate.

CHAPTER II.

The rajah, Hafiz Roy, as we have intimated, was of that indolent, ease-loving class, who seek to enjoy life to the utmost, and ready at any time to concede a point rather than contest for what he thought right. The wheels of Sir De Lacy's governmental office ran smoothly on, and he found time to play his favorite game of chess with the rajah daily, and often for many hours together, Zamine often sitting by them a silent spectator.

It was the second year of Alfred Howard's absence, when Zamine was called upon to lose her mother by death. Great was her loss, but yet so true and judicious had the departed parent been in the care of this, her only child, that she left an abiding influence for good behind her. Though but eleven years of age, Zamine was very womanly, both in mental and physical growth, and became the domestic idol of her doting father.

For his child's sake the palace was made to glitter with splendid attendants, ornaments, petite amusements, and pets of all sorts. At first, after Alfred Howard had departed, she was quite inconsolable. Even for months she was so dejected as to cause anxiety on this account. But the keenness of her loneliness wore gradually away; but not so the memory of her old playfellow. Everything remained to recall him to her mind, for every spot in those beautiful gardens they had visited together oftentimes. Here they had braided flower wreaths, here played at hide and seek, here plucked and eaten the delicious fruit, and *here* Alfred had saved her life from the terrible hyena.

The district of Jungepoor grew each year more and more populous with English residents, both military and civil, until at length there was quite a large and choice circle of well-bred people, forming a pleasant society. Among them were many youths of either sex, about Zamine's age, and with whom she was more or less intimate. The queen of all their revels and sports, she was also the star that illumined the heart of more than one young but manly heart among the English residents.

Among these was the son of a wealthy commercial agent of the government, named Horace Gray, a fine, spirited and handsome youth, a year the senior of Alfred, who is absent in England. His vivacious spirits, clever accomplishments, good cultivation and gentlemanly characteristics, won the confidence of Zamine, who, with trusting innocence, admitted him to intimate friendship in her feelings. A few years of companionship had thus ripened their friendly relationship when Zamine was already sixteen years of age. The reader, however, must not suppose that she was during this lapse of years once untrue in her feelings towards the far-off playmate of her infancy. No—as frankly were her earnest feelings for him avowed before Horace Gray as to her own heart.

The quarterly arrival of the government packet at Calcutta always brought Zamine a kind, affectionate letter from Alfred, and in return bore him one from her. They were not lovesick, sentimental effusions, but well written and interesting letters, through which a tender and affectionate spirit ran like a silver thread, linking their various themes in consonance together. In these letters the engagement between them was alluded to as a matter, not of doubt, but as one to which they had been born, and to which their own hearts had set the seal.

But still the intimacy of Horace Gray with the young and beautiful Hindoo girl continued. He rode by her side, he strolled with her in her father's palace gardens, he rowed her fairy boat upon the artificial lake; in short they were so much together that those who knew her to be the affianced bride of Alfred Howard shook their heads significantly, and said that the absent one was doubtless forgotten!

Though Horace Gray undoubtedly loved Zamine, he had never told her so. He knew that would not do; it would lead to an end of their intimacy at once. He knew her to be loyal to the absent student, however much he could wish it otherwise; for as there was neither deceit nor guile in the fair girl's heart, neither was there deception upon her tongue. She frankly admitted her regard and faithful memory of Alfred Howard. Therefore it was that Horace Gray kept his own secret, but loved her none the less devotedly.

In a neatly arranged study in one of the main buildings which make the clustering college blocks at Oxford, England, sat a young student, before whom lay an outspread sheet in the form of a letter. The student was a person of fine, manly appearance, quite handsome, with a high, commanding forehead and clear blue eye. The reader would have easily recognized him as the boy he had seen years before in the palace gardens of Rajah Hafiz Roy. His face is grave, too grave in its expression, not to indicate something of trouble within. He takes up the epistle and reads it over slowly, then replaces it upon the table before him.

The letter was an anonymous one, purporting to be from one who was his friend, and read as follows:

"Absence is a great test of affection. Short absence stimulates, long absence is apt to *obliterate*. Place not too strong trust in your conceded claims to the hand of the fair daughter of Hafiz Roy. Other than your hand is ever ready by her side; soft flattery is not unpleasant—ready adoration is not always unrewarded! Perhaps those hints are worth your consideration."

Alfred Howard tried hard to understand the true spirit of this note, tried to reach beyond the letters he saw upon the page before him, and understand the actuating motive of the writer. In the years of pleasant study and rapid progress which he had passed in England, he had ever been stimulated by one idea, that of returning at length to Zamine's side, endowed with such true manly accomplishments as should command her respect as well as her love. A doubt of the truth and endurance of her affection had never once crossed his mind; but here was matter for consideration. He would not, could not doubt her; but the long absence might perhaps "obliterate." In his heart (so entirely hers) he felt that she was truly his, that the dear letters he was so regularly receiving could be no counterfeits; but then this epistle had opened a door for doubt, and his thoughts were very, very harrowing. Perhaps, he thought, duty would make her keep her early contract, and then he might get a wife, but one without a heart!

"Now," said he, at last, half aloud, "Zamine is free, free as the air; she shall never marry me unless she does it with a free heart, unless she prefers me to all else on earth. If she has grown up as lovely as she was in childhood, how beautiful she must be! No wonder she finds suitors—ay, and many of them. No wonder she should be tested. I will not pine (if I can help it) over this anonymous hint; and yet, truth to say, I believe whoever wrote that thought he spoke the truth, let the actuating motive of the communication be what it may."

At this moment the door of his room was thrown violently open, and in rushed a couple of college chums, full of life and spirit.

"Hollo, Howard, here I've made up a match at foils with you and Charley. Ten to one that you hit him fair in three bouts. He's agreed—stakes up; and mind, if he touches you at all, I lose."

Alfred took up the note he had been reading, drew a low sigh, banished for a moment the trouble from his mind, and taking down a couple of foils from the wall prepared to engage in a playful but manly game, and to make good the bets which his gay friend had made through confidence in his skill with the weapon.

Perhaps no scene could have been introduced so well calculated as this which at the moment chanced, whereby the character of young Howard might have been better studied by a stranger. The cool yet careful manner in which he took his guard, poised and felt his weapon, bore his point and parried and thrust, were calculated to exhibit all the many qualities of manliness, self-reliance and promptness which were prominent and peculiar in him. The contest was soon decided, and Alfred's adversary was easily "touched," and then disarmed.

In his assiduity for mental culture he had in no way neglected his physical training, and thus bore away the palm from his entire class, but with such modest grace as to create no ill will.

Eight years have passed since Alfred Howard had left that dear playmate on the shore at Calcutta, and five more were yet to be consumed before his education would be sufficiently advanced for him to graduate, and fulfil his father's plan of study and return to India. As he now sat alone once more, thinking over his prospects, the purport of the warning letter and kindred themes, the five years yet to come seemed longer to him than ever before; but he was brave at heart, and he resolved not to swerve in the path of duty he had laid out; he would remain the appointed time and devote himself to his self-culture as earnest as ever.

The past eight years had not been without change. Zamine's mother died, as we have already intimated, and Alfred's own mother had also gone to her long sleep these three years since. "Change! change!—it is written upon everything," murmured Alfred; "and may the course of time also change thee, my dear, gentle Zamine? I will not doubt thee; I will not even hint a doubt to thee."

With this implicit confidence in the beautiful Hindoo girl, Alfred seemed to settle his course of conduct, and he did not even mention a thought to her in his letters which could indicate the shadow, however slight, which had passed across the field of his affection for her. The letters of both bore token of the most unchanging and full confidence in each other which they had ever done.

In the meantime Sir De Lacy Howard's letters were as regular as ever to his son, freighted with affectionate advice and ample remittances. He applauded his son's constancy of purpose, and held up to him the honor and satisfaction that must result from a careful persistency in the course of study and discipline which had been adopted. He was a kind father and a judicious one, exercising great influence and control over his son's mind, and his wish with Alfred was indeed law.

But we have other characters and scenes, which we must bring before the mind's eye of the reader in far-off India.

CHAPTER III.

In a room fitted with every luxury and elegance that taste and an ample fortune could command sat Zamine, the daughter of Hafiz Roy. She was indeed lovely as a child, but now all the promise of her infancy had been more than fulfilled—she was beautiful in every sense of the word. Dressed in half Eastern, half European costume, she looked bewitchingly attractive. Her wealth of rich black hair, and eyelashes that were so long and dark as to be a distinctive feature in her loveliness; her arms bared to the shoulders, presenting a mould of faultless symmetry; her body, half reclining upon a mound of rich cushions, formed a picture only too lovely for words to express.

There sat near her a young gentleman, but little her senior in years, whom the reader would have recognized as Horace Gray. He was reading to the beautiful Hindoo; and they were alone together, save the female servant who sat at her mistress's feet—or rather slept there; for sleep seems to occupy nearly the undivided attention of the entire Nubian race.

"Enough, enough," said Zamine, at length, with a languid toss of her fan. "We can finish it at another time, Horace, for the hour has now arrived for my new teacher to meet me."

"Do you mean that hump-backed Arab?"

"Yes, he is hump backed, to be sure, but one forgets it when he is present, he is so entertaining, so very agreeable."

"You seem to be much attached to your new friend?" said Horace Gray, half inquiringly and half sarcastically.

"Who would not like him, Horace? He is so quiet, so thoughtful, and so wise withal, I almost fear him."

An uneasy shadow passed over the face of her companion, who could not patiently hear Zamine praise any one, so jealous was he of her smiles. At that moment, as he was taking leave of her, there entered the apartment the person referred to. At first sight there was little to strike an observer in his general appearance, beyond the manifest fact that he was an Arabian, and one who, had nature not disfigured his form by a hump or protuberance over the region of the left shoulder blade, would certainly have been a finely formed and handsome man. He bowed first respectfully to Zamine, and then to her retreating companion, who returned the salute distantly.

"Punctual to the very moment," said Zamine, consulting a tiny diamond-cased watch, as she addressed the Arab.

"It is a wholesome virtue," said the teacher, mildly, as he drew towards his pupil a light stand for the books he brought with him. He moved so gracefully, in spite of his deformity, did everything so noiselessly and easily, that there was a charm in watching his thoughtful and prompt procedure.

Had he been English, one would have set him down as some forty years of age, but the bronzed hue of the desert sat so well upon his handsome face that he looked like one who had hardly passed half that number of years. His finely turned figure—always excepting the single deformity already referred to—was that of youth also, or at least not of maturity, and he could not be more than ten years older than his fair pupil.

"I'm prepared for a scolding," began Zamine, as he sat down by her side.

"For what, fair Zamine?"

"Because I have not even looked at that lesson you gave me to study," she replied.

"Why have you not?" he asked, in gently reproving tones.

"It is so tedious to study."

"But you told me only yesterday that you liked it well."

"O, I mean when you are with me to explain."

The Arab turned his soft blue eye quickly towards her; then slowly opened his book, as he said: "It shall be as you wish; and if you prefer to study only when I am present, we will acquire the lessons in that manner, and I shall still fulfil my trust to your confiding and generous father."

Zamine smiled her gratitude, and the two were soon busy over the task before them. The Hindoo girl was lost in her occupation, each thought and each principle was so readily elucidated, so pleasantly impressed upon her mind; and at each moment she realized such new rays of light and intelligence radiating her only half-cultivated mind, that her pleasure was unmistakable. The Arab's voice was so low, so gentle, blending the elements of firmness and tenderness so equally, that Zamine really half felt the fear she hinted at to her English friend.

At length, the lesson being finished, the Arab prepared to leave his pupil; but this purpose Zamine frustrated by begging him to tell her some legend of the desert where his life had been passed. To this proposal he acceded readily, and with ready wit and charming ease, related one of those poetical stories in which Arabian literature is so rich. Zamine drank in of every word, and found strange pleasure in listening to her tutor, whose enthusiastic eloquence in dwelling upon his country's beauty, and in describing her famous places, was most captivating.

And this was not alone the routine of to-day: it was the constantly recurring scene of each successive day. Zamine was changing rapidly in her manners, habits, intelligence; her tutor lent his best energy to instruct her, and that he was thoroughly capable was evinced beyond a doubt. A bright new world seemed to be opened to the Hindoo girl. Up to this period, her education had been of the most superficial character, but now she exerted herself willingly, assiduously, and found rich reward in the satisfaction that was the immediate result.

Horace Gray had but one characteristic to recommend him to Zamine, and that was his entire devotion to her. He had striven to please her in those grateful little trifles which go to make up the daily life of the young and thoughtless; but now that she had received new endowments of taste, intelligence and love of study, Horace Gray was much less desirable to her as a companion. She cared, indeed, little for the companionship of any one save her teacher, the quiet, thoughtful and intelligent Arab.

It was now about eight months since one afternoon, when the Rajah Hafiz Roy had risen from his bountiful meal, that an Arabian teacher of languages presented himself and solicited the post of teacher to his daughter Zamine. The father was himself a man of goodly intelligence for an Oriental prince, and the prompt answers that the new comer gave to his questions at once satisfied him of his ability, and he gladly seized upon the opportunity of doing that for his child which he realized was of so much importance.

Thus Yusef Hassan was at once established in the rajah's family, and so well had he adapted himself to both father and child that he had been raised to an equal footing with them in all domestic relations. Sir De Lacy Howard had died some twelve months since, and the rajah was only too happy to find in Yusef Hassan one who could play quite as good a game of chess, and in this way an hour or two was passed daily.

The father was not sorry to observe the devotion that his daughter bestowed upon her studies. She seemed only happy when Yusef was teaching her, or when she sat gazing into the mild depths of his soft blue eye, and listening to his stories of life and adventure in the desert. Horace Gray, poor fellow! seemed to be entirely forgotten. He was not naturally a bad fellow, but there was a strange animosity springing up in his bosom towards the hunchback. He grew morose and sought to be alone, avoided his former companions, and sat for hours by himself locked up in his sleeping apartment.

Well, who would have wondered? Every one could see that Horace loved Zamine devotedly, and up to the time of her intimacy with the Arab teacher, she had permitted at least the nearest relation of friendship to exist between them. But now she scarcely saw Horace at all;

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The quarterly arrival of the English packet line had just brought Zamine a letter from England, bearing the signature of Alfred Howard. She now sat reading it alone in her private room. There was a puzzled look, a singular expression, in her beautiful face. She used to bend so lovingly over those letters from Alfred! Now she read and placed it one side, but evinced little emotion, *hurrying away to meet the Arab teacher.*"

A nice observer only would have discovered the tenderness that dwelt in the Arab's voice and eyes as he addressed his pupil, but the most casual would have realized the deep interest that the Hindoo girl felt in his society, the fascination of his companionship. And day by day this feeling grew more positive in its nature, until at last Zamine awoke from her day-dream and asked herself: "Do I not love this man?"

The Arab seemed at first not to read her feelings, but at length, emboldened by her tenderness, he wooed her *in secret*. In her eyes he was no longer the hump-backed Arab, but the Apollo of her tenderest affections. Again came one of Alfred's letters from England, and the tone of this, as well as its general purport, caused Zamine to pause and read her heart. What! was she guilty of infidelity to him, her early love—he who had saved her life, her long and tried friend? Alas! she knew not what to do. Covering her face with both her hands, she sobbed aloud: "I love the Arab, spite of his deformity, spite of Alfred, spite of everything. But Alfred, you have been true to me; we loved in childhood. You have my *sacred promise*, and that promise shall be kept, though I break my heart in the test. I will but enjoy the pleasant instruction and society of Yusef a few short weeks more, and then he must go. Alas! it will nearly break my heart, but it must be so." And with tears scarcely dried from her fair cheek, she went to seek the Arab, and to pursue by his side the intricate studies she had grown to love.

CHAPTER IV.

Zamine and Yusef sat together in one of those beautiful arbors with which the palace grounds abounded. They had retired here to pursue the studies allotted for the afternoon. These had been completed, and gradually conversation between them had changed to other and dearer themes. Yusef had declared his love to her some time since, emboldened by the spirit which he read in her eyes, and they sat now together, the Arab retaining one of her delicate hands in his own, while he breathed in gentle whispers a tale of love into her willing ear.

Suddenly Zamine started and gently withdrew her hand from his grasp, as though some sudden resolve had come over her. She paused a moment, then said:

"Ah, Yusef, I am very sad; very unhappy!"

"Unhappy, dearest! and why!"

"I know not how to tell you."

"Should there be any secret between two as dear friends as ourselves?"

"Yusef!"

"Well, Zamine."

"You know the story I told you of my childhood and my youthful companion, Alfred?"

The Arab regarded her thoughtfully for a moment. "Yes, I remember."

"Yusef, I am betrothed to him!"

"I know it!"

"You know it?"

"Yes."

"Why, this is strange!—and yet you woo me."

"Because I love you, dear one. The betrothal of children by parents I do not hold to be a sacred bond. If I can win your heart, I am worthy to wear the crown of your love."

"Ah, Yusef, but this betrothal was not alone by our parents; it was as well by my own free and earnest consent. I am in honor bound!"

"Do you love him, Zamine?" asked the Arab. "I *did* love him truly and faithfully until I knew you."

"And *now*, Zamine?"

"Alas! what can I say?"

"Do you love him still?"

"This is too trying—too hard. O heart, O heart be still!" cried the agonized girl, holding her hands to her bosom.

"Do you love him still?" repeated the Arab.

"Yusef, I love you!—ay, with all my heart; but listen: I shall keep my promise with the noble and tender friend, who even now is on his way from England, as I learn by his last letter."

The Arab seemed much moved, but spoke not.

"Ah, forgive me, Yusef, if I have appeared and do still appear inconsistent. You cannot know him as I do; it would break his heart were I to prove inconstant to him; and what happiness could I ever know after?"

The Arab shaded his face in his hands, and sighed aloud.

"I never had a thought of any other but him until you came, and your voice, like magic, went to my heart, your eyes to my very soul. You awakened in me a love for study; you opened to me new fields of promise, a new world of intelligence. I am grateful—indeed I am!" She sobbed bitterly.

Still the Arab spoke not.

"O, speak to me, Yusef. You would yourself despise me, were I not true to such a man as Alfred. You would loathe one who should disregard such tender promises, such truthfulness."

"I fear love blinds me to all else but my own heart's promptings."

"No, no, you will not blame me; you are too noble at heart to counsel me to be untrue to him."

"I shall never blame you, Zamine, do what you please; but I cannot still the throbbing of my own heart."

As he said this, he raised her hand tenderly to his lips and turned slowly away from her side.

There is one character in our story of whom we must not lose sight. Horace Gray, observant at all times of Zamine's movements, was not so long in finding out that she loved the Arab as Zamine herself was! He saw it and resolved that before Yusef Hasaan should come between him and Zamine's love, he would take his life like a dog's. He would have felt differently with regard to Alfred Howard; but to have this deformed child of the desert rob him of the love of the Hindoo girl, rendered him desperate.

Of late young Gray had grown moody beyond all control of friends. He watched the Arab at all hours; and once, even, when he had observed him just leaving Zamine's side at nightfall, in those shickly planted gardens, he had fired a pistol, aimed at his heart; but the bullet passed him harmless by, and Yusef took little or no heed of the circumstance. This was but a few weeks previous to the scene we have just related between Zamine and Yusef in the garden.

The Arab left her, as we have said, turning his steps toward the river's banks, and thoughtfully walked on. He had not gone far before his quick ear detected a footstep behind him. It was not Zamine's, for hers was as light as a fawn's tread. It was heavy, quick, irregular, and indicated some strange mood in the bosom of him who caused those tokens. Yusef simply loosened a long dirk that hung at his girdle and moved on. In a moment more he turned quickly, as if by instinct, but at the same moment a blade of a dagger was buried to the hilt in that part of his body which we have described as so deformed. It was evidently not so aimed, but turning suddenly, had caused the blade to enter there.

The Arab when thus faced about stood fronting his enemy with flashing eye and quick, heaving chest. The figure that had pursued him was that of one fully his own size, athletic, well formed and able; but let that dagger blade have penetrated Yusef as deep as it may, he is still more than a match for his subtle enemy. Seizing him by the throat, the Arab bent him nearly double to the ground, and dashing his head upon the hard path, permitted him to lie there almost insensible from the stunning effect of the fall; at the same time taking his dagger from him, and quietly walking away.

It was an hour before Horace Gray again rose to his feet. Half bewildered, that young, infatuated person gazed in amazement about him.

"Why did he not kill me?" he murmured. "Why did he leave me here, only bruised?" That seemed very strange to him. "I drove the blade home—deep, deep. I felt it penetrate!" He staggered to his feet and reeled away like a drunken man. "Fore heaven, but that fellow's grip is on my throat yet—'twas like a vice! I was no more than a child in his hands. Who would have thought the hunchback so strong?"

Horace Gray reached his home, but he was more seriously hurt than he was aware of. The excitement he had lately endured in his mind, and the climax of his attempted assassination of the Arab, in addition to the fearful bruise he had sustained in the encounter, proved too much for his brain, and he soon lay in a raging brain fever.

The Arab said nothing about the matter. By some strange chance his own wound, severe though it may have been, seemed to cause him little if any trouble. He well knew the position of Horace Gray, and that there was nothing to be gained, and indeed, in his own case, everything to lose, by betraying his folly to any one. The game he was playing was a deep one, and the less he drew attention upon himself the better. So the very next morning he played his accustomed game with the rajah, Zamine's father, and permitted the old man to win.

While Yusef and the rajah were thus engaged together, Zamine was alone in her private apartment. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she sat listless and unhappy. An open letter lay at her feet, which she had been reading. A glance would have shown the reader that it was from Alfred Howard. It read thus:

"My dear Zamine,—Almost as soon as you receive this, I hope to be in India, and by your side, to consummate the one great purpose of my life, to look once more into the clear depths of those eyes I love so well, and to listen to the tender music of that voice which time and distance have not for a moment obliterated from my heart. I will say no more, because I hope soon to be with you in person. Always your own,

"Alfred Howard."

She stooped down, took up the note, and read it again. "How like him it is; open, frank, manly, full of faith in my truthfulness. Alas! alas! how sadly am I torn by contending emotions. I have loved him so long and so truly; and now, Yusef—ah, would that I had never seen the hunchback!"

At that moment a knock at the door leading to her boudoir from the sitting room, where she was wont to meet Yusef, and to recite and read with him, attracted her attention, and partially removing the tokens of her tears, and smoothing back the rich dark hair from her temples, she opened the door and came out to meet the summons. It was Yusef.

"Zamine," said he, "I have come, perhaps for the last time, to speak with you. It depends upon yourself to decide." Zamine gazed inquiringly. "You have told me that you must be true, and that you will love and marry this Alfred Howard!"

"Yusef—yes!" sighed the girl. "He was my early love; he has been true to me; I cannot betray his affection."

"And yet you love *me*?"

"Ah, Yusef! it is cruel for you to name it."

"Will you not fly with me to the tents of my people? I will love, will tend you, will heed your slightest wish, and love you always."

"Yusef, you have never tempted me thus; say no more. If you continue to counsel me to do that which my heart and soul denounce, you will forfeit the respect and tender regard I now entertain for you."

"Noble girl, you have stood the test! You have passed through the fiery ordeal, only the purer and brighter for all!" As he spoke, he cast the cloak from him, which had until now enveloped his person, and said: "*Behold in me no longer Yusef Hassan, but Alfred Howard!*"

Zamine gazed a moment, bewildered! There stood the form of Yusef Hassan, but the deformity was gone! The truth flashed through her mind with lightning-like rapidity, and the next moment she was pressed to his heart.

MY BLIND SISTER.

This is how I found it out. Lettie and I were sitting in the window at our work—it was some mourning we were making for our rector's family—and it had to be sent home the next day early. She said:

"Jane, it seems as if the sun had given up shining; how dull everything looks! don't you think so?"

I did not notice it; there was still an hour's daylight. She put up her hand to her forehead as if it pained her, so I bade her go out for a turn in the garden; we had sat close at our sewing all the day, and the young thing was tired; even I was, and my eyes ached wearily. She went along by the flower-bed, and gathered a few roses—we were in the middle of July then—and gave them to me through the window, saying that she would go down into the town for some trimmings we wanted to finish the dresses. I would rather she had stayed at home, and replied that the shops would be shut; but she was not listening, and went away down the path as I spoke. It was dusk when she came back; I had just shut the window, and was lighting the candle; she said, "I could not get the fringe, Jane," and then laying her bonnet on the dresser, took up her work. After she had sewed perhaps five minutes, she dropped her hands on her knees, and such a strange, hopeless expression came into her face, that I was quite shocked and frightened.

"What ails you, Lettie? what can have happened?" I asked, suspecting I scarcely knew what.

She looked at me drearily in silence for some minutes, and then said hastily: "I might as well tell you at once, Jane, I'm going blind."

My work fell to the ground, and I uttered a startled cry.

"Don't take on about it, Jane; it can't be helped," she added.

"It is only a fancy of yours, Lettie; I shall have you to Dr. Nash in the morning. What has made you take such a notion into your head all at once?" said I, for I thought this was another nervous whim. Lettie had been a good deal indulged by our mother before she died, and had shown herself not a little headstrong, sometimes, as well as fanciful.

"It is of no use, Jane; I have been to Doctor Nash myself, and he said plainly that I am going blind. I have been to him twice before; I knew what was coming. O, Janey! what shall we do?" And having borne up thus far, she broke down and sobbed aloud, with her face on her arms on the table.

"We shall do very well. In the first place, I don't believe Doctor Nash knows anything about it; and in the next, I shall have you up to London to a great doctor, and see what he says before I give in to thinking that you are to be blind all your days."

She was a little cheered by this.

"To London, Janey! but where is the money to come from?" she asked.

"Leave that to me. I'll arrange somehow."

It was very puzzling to me to settle how, just then, but I have a firm conviction that where there is a will to do anything, a way may generally be found, and I meant to find it.

She took up her work, but I bade her leave it.

"You shall not set another stitch, Lettie," I said; "you just play on the old piano, and sing your bits of songs, and get out into the fresh air—you have been kept too close, and are pale to what you were. Go to bed now like a good little lassie, and I'll do by myself."

"But there is so much to finish, Janey."

"Not a stitch that you'll touch, Lettie; so kiss me, good night, and get away."

"And you don't think much of what Doctor Nash said?" she asked, very wistfully.

"No! I've no opinion of him at all." And hearing me speak up in my natural way (though my heart was doubting all the time), she went away comforted and in better hope. I had put it off before her, because she would have given way to fretting, if I had seemed to believe what the doctor said; but as I drew my needle through and through my work till three hours past midnight, I had often to stop to wipe the tears from my eyes.

There were only two of us, Lettie and myself, and we had neither father nor mother, nor indeed any relatives that we knew. Lettie was seventeen and I four years older. We were both dress-makers, and either worked at home or went out by the day. We lived in a small, thatched, three room cottage outside the town, which had a nice garden in front. Some people had told us that if we moved into town we should get better employ; but both Lettie and I liked the place where we were born so much better than the closed in streets, that we had never got changed and were not wishful to. Our rent was not much, but we were rather put to it sometimes to get it made up by the day, for our landlady was very sharp upon her tenants, and if they were ever so little behind-hand, she gave them notice directly.

I set my wits to work how to get the money to take Lettie to London; but all that night no idea came to me, and the next day it was the same. With two pair of hands we had maintained ourselves decently; but how was it going to be now that there was only one? Rich folks little think how hard it is for many of us poor day-workers to live on our little earnings, much more to spare for an evil day.

Sunday found me still undecided, but that was our holiday, and I meant to see Doctor Nash myself, while Lettie was gone to chapel. She made herself very nice, for she had a modest pride in her looks, which becomes a girl. I thought her very pretty myself, and so did the neighbors; she had clear, small features, and a pale color in her cheeks, soft brown hair, and hazel eyes. It was not easy to see that anything ailed them, unless you looked into them very closely, and then there was a dimness to be seen about them, which might be disease. She had put off thinking about herself, and was as merry as a cricket when she went down the lane in her white bonnet and clean muslin gown. She nodded to me (I was watching her from the doorway), and smiled happily. I was as proud of Lettie as ever my mother had been. She was always such a clever, warm-hearted little thing, for all her high temper.

When she was fairly gone, and the church bells ceased, I dressed myself in haste, and set off into the town to see Doctor Nash. He was at home, and his man showed me into the surgery, where I had to wait may-be an hour. When the doctor came in, he asked sharply why I could not have put off my visit till Monday; was my business so pressing? He did not consider how precious were the work-days to us, or may be he would not have spoken so—for he was a benevolent man, as we had every reason to know; he having attended our mother through her last illness, as carefully as if she had been a rich lady, though we could never hope to pay him. I explained what I had come about, and he softened then, but would not alter what he had told Lettie himself.

"She has been with me three or four times," he said. "She is an interesting little girl; it is a great pity, but I do not think her sight can be saved—I don't indeed, Jane."

He explained to me why he was of this opinion, and how the disease would advance, more lengthily than needs to be set down here. Then he said he could get her admitted into the Blind Institution if we liked; and that I must keep her well, and send her out of doors constantly. And so I went home again, with very little hope left, as you may well think, after what I had heard.

I did not tell Lettie where I had been, and she never suspected. There was no chapel that afternoon, and we were getting ready to take a walk along the river bank, as we generally did on fine Sundays (for all the town went there, as it freshened us up to see the holiday people, far more than if we had stopped at home reading our books, as many say it is only right to do), when one of our neighbors came in with her son. Mrs. Crofts was a widow, and Harry was studying medicine with Doctor Nash. They were both kind friends of ours; and between Lettie and the young man there had been for ever so long a sort of boy and girl liking; but I do not think they had spoken to each other yet. Lettie colored up when Harry appeared, and went into the garden to show him, she said, the white mossrose that was full of bloom by the kitchen window; but they stayed whispering over it so long, that I did not think it was only that they were talking about. Then Harry went out of the gate looking downcast and vexed, and Lettie came back to the house with a queer, wild look in her face that I did not like. Mrs. Crofts said, "Is Harry gone?" and my sister made her a short answer, and went into the bedroom.

"Harry is going up to London very soon; I shall be glad to have the examination over and him settled. Doctor Nash thinks very well of him; he is a good young fellow, Jane."

I replied that he had always been a favorite of mine and I hoped he would do well but, listening for Lettie's coming to us, perhaps I seemed rather cold and stiff; for Mrs Crofts asked if I was not well, or if there was anything on my mind; so I told her about poor Lettie's sight.

"I've seen no appearance of blindness; Harry never said a word. You don't think it can be true?" she asked. I did not know what to think. I was sure that, in that whispering over the rose-tree, my sister had told young Mr. Crofts; and I wished his mother would go away, that I might comfort her. At last she went. Then I called to Lettie, who came at once. She had been fretting; but, as she tried to hide it, I made no remark, and we went down the lane to the river meadows in silence.

The first person we met was Harry Crofts. Lettie seemed put out when he joined us, and turned back. She stayed behind, and was presently in company with our landlady, Mrs. Davis, who was taking the air in a little wheeled chair drawn by a footman. Mrs. Davis had always noticed Lettie. Harry Crofts looked back once or twice to see if she was coming, but when he found she was not, he proposed to wait for her, and we sat down by the water on a tree trunk which lay there.

"This is a sad thing about Lettie's eyes, Jane," he said, suddenly.

"Yes, it is. What do you think about them? Is there any chance for her?"

"Doctor Nash says not; but, Jane, next week, Philipson, the best oculist in England is coming to stay a couple of days with Nash. Let him see her."

"I meant to try to get her to London for advice."

"There is nobody so clever as Philipson. O, Jane, I wish I had passed—"

"Do you fancy you know what would cure her?"

"I'd try. You know, Jane, I love Lettie. I meant to ask her to be my wife. I did ask her this afternoon, and she said no, and then told me about her sight—it is only that. I know she likes me; indeed, she did not try to deny it."

"Yes, Harry, you have been so much together; but there must be no talk of marrying."

"That is what she says."

"She is right—she must just stay with me. You could not do with a blind wife, Harry—you, a young man, with your way to make in the world."

He tore up a handful of grass, and flung it upon the river, saying passionately, "Why, of all the girls in Dalston must this affliction fall on poor Lettie?" and then he got up and walked away to meet her coming along the bank. They had a good deal of talk together, which I did not listen to, for their young hearts were speaking to each other—telling their secrets. Lettie loved him—yes, certainly she loved him.

Doctor Philipson's opinion was the same as that of Doctor Nash. Lettie was not down-stricken as I had dreaded she would be, and she bade goodby to Harry Crofts almost cheerfully when he went up to London.

"There, Jane, now I hope he'll forget me," she said to me; "I don't like to see him so dull."

That day Mrs. Davis sent her a ticket for a concert at the Blind Institution, and she went. When she returned home to tea she told me that the girls and boys who sung looked quite happy and contented. "And why should I not be so, too? what a number of beautiful sights I can remember which some of them never saw!" she added.

After this, imperceptibly, her sight went; until I noticed that even in crossing the floor she felt her way before her with her hands out. Doctor Nash again offered to use his influence to get her admitted into the institution, but she always pleaded, "Let me stay with you, Janey!" and I had not the heart to refuse.

Not far from us there lived an old German clock-maker, who was besides musical, and acted as organist at the Roman Catholic chapel in the town. Lettie often carried him a posy from our garden, and his grandchildren came to me for patches to dress their dolls. Muller was a grim, fantastic-looking figure, but he had a heart of pure gold. He was benevolent, simple, kindly; it was his talk that had reconciled Lettie more than anything else to her condition. He was so poor, yet so satisfied; so afflicted, yet so unrepining.

"Learn music—I will teach then," he said, to my sister. So, sometimes in our little parlor, and sometimes in his, he gave her lessons in fine sacred pieces from Handel and Haydn, and taught her to sing as they sing in churches—which was grander than our simple Methodist hymns. It was a great delight to listen to her. It seemed as if she felt everything deeper in her heart, and expressed it better than before; and it was all her consolation to draw sweet sounds up out of that well of feeling which love had sounded. I know that, to remember how Harry loved her, gave a tenderness and patience to her suffering, which it would else have lacked.

We had six very quiet years. It seemed to me as if Lettie had always, from the first, gone groping her way, and I had always led her to chapel and back. Harry studied in London; then we heard of him in Edinburg; and at last his mother said he had gone to Paris. On Sundays, at chapel, we could hear Lettie's voice, clear and sweet, above all the rest; and though our tunes were wild and simple—sung by her, they were beautiful. Sometimes she would go to St. John's church for the sake of the organ and the chanting, but I did not think it right to change; habit is strong in slow, untaught people; and it did not seem as if I kept my Sabbath, unless I had said my prayers in the homely little chapel to which our mother had led us by the hand when we were children. Lettie loved the grand church music, and who could wonder at it, poor lassie? Once or twice when she begged me to go with her, it had seemed to fill my heart with pain, almost; so how much more must it have excited her who was all fire and enthusiasm?

At the end of those six years Harry Crofts came home. He was often at our house, and we liked having him; but though Lettie seemed happy enough, he was uneasy and discontented. I have seen him stand beside the piano, and never take his eyes off of her by the half-hour together; but his face looked quite gloomy. At last, he one day said to me, "Jane, are you timid—I do not think Lettie is? She seems strong and well." I knew he meant more than a simple inquiry after our nerves, and I asked if he thought he had found out a cure for my sister. He turned quite red.

"Yes, I believe I have. I saw an operation performed in Paris on a girl's eyes similarly affected. It was successful."

I said not a word. The prospect seemed too good, too beautiful to be true! Just at this minute Lettie came in through the doorway; there was sunshine behind her, and she appeared to bring it into the parlor with her. "Are you here, Harry?" she immediately asked.

It was a strange thing that, although she neither saw him nor heard him speak, she was at once aware of his presence. He got up and took her by the hand and brought her to me. "Tell her, Jane, or shall I?" he whispered. I signed to him to speak himself, which he did without hesitation.

"Lettie, have you courage to undergo an operation which may restore your sight?"

She clasped her hands, and such a beautiful color came flushing up into her face—you would have said it was like an angel's face, it changed so brightly.

"O, yes! anything, anything, Harry, only give me that hope!" said she, softly.

I looked at him questioningly to ask if he had not better warn her of possible disappointment, and he said at once:

"Lettie, I ought to tell you that this operation may fail, though I do not fear that it will. For my sake, Lettie," he added, in an undertone.

"Well, then, for your sake, Harry," she replied, with a low sigh. "Even if it should not give me back my sight, I shall only be as I am now."

They went out into the garden together; and from the earnest, gentle way in which Harry talked to Lettie, I knew that he was preparing her for what she had to undergo. She did not want for courage in any circumstances, and I did not look for her being weak now.

The operation was performed during the following week. Doctor Philipson and Doctor Nash were both present, but Harry Crofts himself did it. His nerve was wonderful. Lettie behaved admirably, too; indeed, nobody was foolish but myself, and when it was over I fainted. It was entirely successful; my sister has her sight, now, as good as I have. For several weeks we kept her in a darkened room, but she was gradually permitted to face the light, and the joy of that time is more than words can describe.

Harry Crofts soon after claimed her as his wife; and really, to say the truth, nobody had a better right to her. The report of the singular cure he had made, lifted him at once into consideration; and as he made diseases of the eye his particular study, he is now as celebrated an oculist as Doctor Philipson himself; many persons, indeed, give him the preference. The operation, then thought so much of, is now of frequent occurrence; Lettie's kind of blindness being no longer looked on as irremediable.

And this is all I need tell about our history; it is not much, or very romantic, but I am often asked about it, so I have just written down the truth.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ORIGIN OF THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY BERTHA BURDOCK.

"A boon!" cried Earth, of the ambient air;
"My trees are green, and my skies are fair,
But something is wanting—now what is there
That Earth can desire in vain?"

Cool Air, puffing out his cheeks in size,
Expressed himself with much surprise,
That anything but himself could arise,
Fair Earth might desire to gain!

Grand Light threw her palette of rainbow dyes—
All jumbled together—from sunset skies:
And the colors all lit on the mottled dyes
That garnish the Autumn plain.

Now annually do they enact the scene;
Fair Earth grows tired of her robe of green—
Grand Light bedecks her in dazzling sheen,
And Glory attends her train.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WOOD-CUTTERS.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

The little cottage in which William Burns lived was a poor affair, indeed, in winter. It was low, ill built, and guiltless of paint. But in summer, when you approached it through the long avenue of trees, which, poor as he was, he would never cut down; when you saw the entire drapery of vines that covered the house, with the intermingling of roses and honeysuckles that sprang up from the side of the porch, and twined their rival beauties among the loving tendrils of the grape—you would own that it was a sweet and lovely spot.

Peace and contentment reigned here. William Burns had always been a poor, hard-working laborer. His wife was the daughter of a poor man; and both had been brought up in the exercise of economy and self-denial; but there were love and peace, too.

His employment was that of a wood-cutter, his income barely sufficient to fill the mouths of seven persons. His perquisite, however, of the small and crooked wood which was unfit for market, was a real comfort to his family. Even in warm weather, the dampness caused by the clustering vines rendered a fire indispensable, and in winter, the scarcity of food was not so hard to bear, if there was a good warm, cheerful fire.

This blessing was more especially needed, too, on account of the two poor invalids, whose existence could hardly have been sustained without warmth.

William's third child, Berty, was blind. A terrible fever had left him feeble and sightless. He remembered the glad look of the laughing earth, and longed to gaze upon it once more; but in vain. The fever had done its work forever; at least, so thought the physician.

The other invalid was the mother of William Burns; and between her and the blind boy, there was a bond of sympathy and love which none but those similarly situated can ever know. In a poor man's family, there is not much leisure for learning; and poor Berty would have acquired little from his busy father and mother, and his no less busy brothers and sisters.

But grandmother Burns was ever ready to teach the blind boy all the knowledge which she could impart to him; and being a woman of singular intelligence, she succeeded in bringing him even above the children of his own age, who were attending the village school.

The house of William Burns boasted of but one room, except those which were appropriated to sleeping. This room was kitchen, parlor and dining-room. The furniture was well worn, but neatly kept, for his wife was a pattern of cleanliness. On one side of the ample fire-place, where the cheerful light was never extinguished, sat the boy and his grandmother, almost constantly together. Ever sweet to each was the voice of the other, and little Martha, who waited on their helplessness, and was literally, "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame," often remarked that Berty and grandmother were the happiest, and sung the sweetest of any people she knew. It was beautiful to see them so cheerful under such privations.

Old Mrs. Burns had not walked a step for seven years. Her son had borne her from her bed to the chimney corner and back again, every day during that time, and for four years past, he had done the same for Berty. The two oldest boys helped their father, when out of school; and Martha's time was completely taken up with waiting on the two invalids.

The wintry storms were fast approaching, when William Burns was taken suddenly ill, and the whole household was in consternation. The wife drooped under this new trouble, and was almost in despair. Even Burns felt his stout heart give way under the prospect of death, or even of long sickness, when he reflected how many were leaning upon him for support, and how helpless two of them would be, were he taken away.

The boys, Willie and James, could barely cut wood enough for the house, and all hope of earning anything by their labor was vain. They went off to the woods every morning, after supporting their grandmother to the bedside of their father, and placing his medicine within her reach, so that she could administer it to him without rising; and thither they carried little Berty also, for he would not be separated from her. The poor wife and mother went slowly about her work, often stopping to give a word of endearment to each, but oftener to wipe away the gathering tears.

"Poor Alice!" Burns would say, as she stooped to kiss his fevered cheek, "you are seeing hard times, dear, are you not?" Then she would try to brighten up, and call a sickly smile to her troubled face; while the blind boy who seemed to know instinctively whenever his mother was shedding tears, would clasp his loving arms about her neck, and murmur his affectionate words of consolation.

It was the glory of William Burns's household—a glory which often fails of gilding loftier homes—that its every member was bound in strong and self-sacrificing devotion to the others. Love was the ruling principle. No harsh words broke the sweet repose that brooded over the little home of the wood-cutter; and now that he lay on a bed of suffering, every footfall was light, and every voice was reverently hushed. Even the two boys, who had just arrived at an age when strong animal spirits must have vent somewhere, came in with soft steps and low voices; and hungry as they were, they would not speak of it to their mother while she wore such a pale face, even though they had been gone to the woods all day, with only a few hard-boiled eggs to sustain them.

Then, when they returned, there were two cows to be milked and fed, and the kindling wood to be prepared for morning, and grandmother and Berty to be lifted into bed; and all was done cheerfully. Alice, looking at her sons and seeing how faithfully they performed their tasks, could not but be consoled and thankful, even though her husband lay ill and suffering; while the trust she felt in little Martha, who relieved her always of all care for Berty, was a source of undiminished comfort.

Doctor Thorneycroft, who visited the sick man every day, bade her not to be troubled about the bill they were running up to him. He could afford to lose, he told her, what they could not afford to pay. At any rate, he would wait until William was up and able to earn the money to defray the expenses of his sickness.

But nothing could assuage the deep anguish of the devoted wife, when she found that her husband must die! In vain were the pious consolations of his mother, or the touching words of comfort which poor little Berty bestowed upon her. She heard them not. All her consciousness was of that pale face that lay before her—the dim eyes already closing in death!

We pass over the parting scene, where the afflicted ones were assembled to take their last leave of the beloved husband, father and son; and the day of that sad funeral, winding through snow drifts to the grave beneath the forest trees; for it had been his last request to be laid beneath the trees he had loved.

"I shall see you in heaven, dear father!" said little blind Berty, as the last conscious look of Burns had rested upon the boy.

To this house of sorrow, there came at last a ministering angel. Ida Thorneycroft had often heard her father speak of the blind boy and his relations. He had told her, too, that the boy was born on the same day with herself; that he had the same soft brown, curling hair and deep blue eyes which he loved to look at in his darling Ida, but that the boy's eyes were sightless.

She accompanied her father on his next visit to the Burns cottage, and was delighted with them all.

"Can nothing be done for Berty, dear father?" said the sympathizing child.

"I fear not, my child; certainly not in this country, for I asked the opinion of several of our best specialists, when I was attending the case, and they gave me no hope."

From this time, Ida proved herself indeed an angel in the sorrowing household. She led Berty out in the warm sunshine, carried him to her father's pleasant garden, where the spring flowers were just budding into beauty; made him sit on the piazza where the warmest rays would strike upon his chilled limbs, and, in short, adopted him as her special protege until Berty's tender consciousness reverted to his grandmother, and he would beg Ida to lead him back to her side.

The limited practice of a country town had kept Doctor Thorneycroft in somewhat restricted circumstances; but little Ida was an heiress in her own right, being named for her grandmother on the maternal side, who had left a large property in charge for the child. Ida herself was of a frank and generous disposition, her father's idol, and it was said her mother's favorite, too; but that might have been a fancy on the part of others, for Mrs. Thorneycroft was very fond of Helen, who was older than Ida.

Helen was proud and haughty, and often ridiculed Ida for her devotion to the family at the cottage.

"A poor woman, a blind boy, and an old crone, are not very fit companions, I think, for Miss Ida Thornecroft," Helen would say, much to the annoyance of her sister.

"Helen!" said Ida, "how unjust you are! Mrs. Burns is a lady, as much as our mother is —there is not a boy in our neighborhood one half so gentle and well-bred as Albert Burns, or Berty, as I like to call him; and as to his grandmother, I only wish that you would compare her with Mary Holford's fretful, snarling, uncomfortable grandmother, and you would think this old lady was an angel of patience and resignation. Her calm, placid face is very pleasant to look upon, and if you saw it in a picture, you would praise it to the skies. You like poverty when it is painted, Helen, but the reality seems to disgust you exceedingly. Besides, Helen, father says that Willie and James Burns are lads that he should be proud to own as his sons."

"That is true enough, my little girl!" said Doctor Thorneycroft, who had entered unperceived, and was enjoying Ida's noble defence of her friends. "That is perfectly true, and I should not object, if they make out as well in life as I think they will, to marrying my two daughters to them."

He threw a glance at Helen, and smiled at Ida. Helen's haughty lip curled in high disdain, and the angry tears were in her eyes, while Ida uttered a clear, ringing laugh.

"I would rather have Berty, father, for then when I come in possession of my fortune, I could spend half of it in curing him of his blindness. The other half, you know, goes to my own dear father."

"Ah, Ida, the generosity of fifteen will perhaps give place to selfishness when you are twenty-one." And the father sighed while he caressed the brown curls that hung over his cheek. Helen had already left the room with the proud tears still glittering on her eyelids.

The following winter separated Ida more from her friends at the cottage than she could have wished; her father being anxious that she should devote most of her time to those studies and accomplishments which would fit her for the society in which she would probably move. He gratified her by procuring good situations for Willie and James Burns, and by allowing little Martha to participate in some of her studies.

Helen did not deign to notice the little girl, who wore, nevertheless, an air of modest dignity which threw Helen's haughtiness quite into the shade. A wood-cutter's daughter she knew herself to be; but it had never occurred to her unsophisticated mind why it was better or more desirable to be a physician's daughter than a wood-cutter's. She made up her mind that Ida's sister was not so well-bred as Ida herself, and that was all she thought about it.

Berty overwhelmed her with questions when she returned from these lessons; made her repeat them all to him, until he knew them perfectly; and longed, poor fellow, more heartily than ever for his sight.

Doctor Thorneycroft had a cousin, a Mrs. De Morier, who was very rich. Having no children of her own, she had always taken a great fancy to Helen. Ida was not stately enough to please her, but she admired Helen's dignified manner. She was now a widow, and having no ties, she proposed to travel for some time in Europe, and begged the doctor to allow Helen to accompany her. She pleaded until she obtained his consent, and Helen was proud and happy to go with her. This separated the sisters effectually for three years; but a constant correspondence was kept up between them.

Ida was delighted to find, after a little while, that Helen's ideas of her own consequence were considerably lowered. She had begun to find that there were people who were as far above her, as she thought herself above the wood-cutter's family at home.

Still, Helen was, in the main, what is called a fine, womanly girl. She had intellect and taste, and both were intensely gratified in her travels. Her letters were a source of unmixed satisfaction to her father, who prized the information which her sketches, taken on the spot, afforded him.

Helen had now been absent nearly five years, and Ida had passed her twentieth summer. Her intercourse with the family at the cottage was still pleasant and uninterrupted. Every year had deepened the blind boy's life into richer promise. Every year had deepened, too, his love for the beautiful girl who had filled his heart from childhood. He had trembled lest some one else should win her love, although he had never dared to hope for it himself. He felt that she pitied, but never thought of her loving him. Ida had thought of it, however, and made it the object of her life. It was this which made her look forward so eagerly to the possession of her fortune. "I have enough for both," she said to herself. And then she thought how sweet it would be to pour out her riches at the feet of him whose delicate taste and fine perceptions of inward beauty might all be gratified. Nay, more, she still cherished the hope that his outward sight might be restored, and she felt how delightful it would be, if only she could be the means of its restoration!

"A letter from Helen!" exclaimed the doctor. "Read it, Ida, and see what our wanderer has to tell us now."

Ida read on, and still on, of Helen's travelling experiences—of parties, balls and theatre going—and, lastly, Ida bit her lip with a curious, half-amused expression. "Listen, father!" she said, after running over the letter a little. "Helen writes: 'There is a young American here by the name of Burns, private secretary of the American minister. He is very handsome and accomplished. Every one seems to distinguish him by their notice, and Mrs. De Morier has invited him to a select party for this evening. I must go and dress. I assure you, he is worth dressing for. Speaking of that name, reminds me of your old proteges, the Burns family. I apprehend this elegant young man bears no relationship to *them*.'

"Now, father," said Ida, "is not that rich? I have carefully kept from Helen the fact that Willie Burns had gone to England in that capacity, because I wished her, if she should chance to meet him, to see him with unprejudiced eyes. I knew that she would never recognize in him the wood-cutter's son." And Ida went over to the Burns cottage, and read the letter to Berty and his mother.

Berty was generous enough to rejoice in his brother's good fortune, but he sighed, too.

"Never sigh, Berty," said Ida, "there is a good time coming."

And the good time came. Ida was twenty-one! The doctor resigned his trust, and gave up the papers. Berty was present, and Ida, leaving her father's side, went up to his chair, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"They are all yours, dear Berty," she said, softly, "all yours, if you will take me with them."

"She speaks truth, Berty," said the doctor. "Ever since she was a mere child, this plan has run in her foolish little head, and she must have her way now, I suppose, as she is beyond my control. If I had not long since known how well you loved her, I would not have given my consent. Nobody can have my little Ida, that does not love her."

"I love her truly, fondly, devotedly," said Berty, as he pressed her to his side. "O, that I could see her. But no matter, I see her in my heart, and she is there, radiant as an angel. God bless you both for giving me this unutterable happiness."

In less than a month, Ida was married, and had sailed with her husband and father, to try what foreign skill might accomplish for the blind man. It was a great pleasure to Doctor Thorneycroft, to be able to give up his practice for a while, and travel with his children. The pleasure was deepened, when, as the hospital at Paris, he witnessed an operation which restored Berty's long lost sight!

"Come nearer, Ida, nearer yet," said Berty, as that beloved form met the first dim, uncertain gaze. She went up to him, the glad tears streaming down like rain upon her cheeks.

"Only one moment," said the surgeon, "and then your eyes must be bandaged."

We cannot dwell upon the new raptures that filled the hearts of Ida and her husband, when the bandages were finally removed, and he could look upon the kind face, which, he declared, more than realized the angel in his dreams. Doctor Thorneycroft was in ecstacies. He embraced his daughter, the surgeon, every one. He had gratified his professional curiosity, and witnessed his daughter's happiness, at the same time. He almost thought that he could perform the operation himself, so closely had he watched it through. When her husband was able to travel, they went to England to see Helen. To their great surprise, she had gone home, accompanied, their informant said, by Mrs. Morier, and under the protection of the American minister and his suite.

Ida was puzzled to know if the young secretary had ever revealed to Helen who he was; but was obliged to suspend her curiosity until she returned home. They travelled for several weeks, seeing all that was worthy of note in England and Wales, which latter place Ida had always expressed a wish to visit; but shortened their stay on account of her husband's eyes, which she feared were hardly yet strong enough to bear any great fatigue. He, too, longed to get back to a quiet home and enjoy his new life, which would now be doubly sweet.

They arrived a day sooner than they expected. It was late in the evening when they stole silently up the long path leading to Doctor Thorneycroft's house, opened the door suddenly, and came upon the astonished group. Mrs. De Morier and Martha Burns were busy at the piano, while Helen and Willie were at a far window, apparently unconscious of any other presence.

Mrs. Burns, from whom it had been concealed that her son had recovered his sight, almost fainted when she saw his eyes bent on her face, as he heard her voice, and knew that it was his mother. Waiting to hear their voices, he recognized each successively, through the sense of hearing only. It was touching to see him afterwards, as he went round again to each, bending on them such an earnest gaze, as if he would fix their looks forever in his mind.

Every state of happiness must have its drawback—its dash of bitterness. The good old grandmother—the companion of the blind boy, had passed away since they left home. She had left her parting blessing to her beloved Berty and his wife, and had the comfort of seeing Willie for the brief hour in which she lived after his arrival. James, too, came from his distant home to see her once more.

Willie Burns had risen to distinction, purely by his own efforts. *He* said it was by Doctor Thorneycroft's, but the latter would not take any credit. The doctor liked a joke sometimes at Helen's expense; so he told them that it would be very mortifying to have to *offer* Helen as he had done Ida. He added, "however, there may be no danger, as Will *sees his way clear*, and Albert did not!"

There was a famous wedding a few months after this—for Helen and Mrs. De Morier insisted on carrying off English fashion. Martha Burns was one of the brides-maids, looking so fresh and pretty, that Albert compared her to a water lily. Helen was more magnificent, not being yet entirely cured of her old passion for display. Ida was there, casting fond and happy looks upon her husband, and thinking that no one in that crowded church could compare with him.

The wedding dinner was at Doctor Thorneycroft's, the supper at Ida's—for Ida had bought a beautiful place, with a fine old house upon it, almost equal to an English palace. Dreading her fatigue or anxiety should again close the eyes so beloved, she strove to perform all business matters herself, and only appealed to Albert's taste and judgment when the weariness of the affair was fairly over.

The wood-cutter's cottage was kept in repair, and given to a worthy couple who had loved the blind boy and his grandmother; while Mrs. Burns and her daughter were established pleasantly at the doctor's, to make amends for the loss of the two daughters, as he said.

James Burns remained single. He was wealthy and respected; but no lady appeared to demand his attentions, and he bestowed all his affections on the new race of nephews and nieces that were fast springing up in the homes of his brothers. He often said that if the doctor had had one more daughter, he should not now be a disconsolate old bachelor.

But he seemed very happy when he came among them, and played with the little Idas and Bertys of the two households, and challenged the doctor to his favorite game of chess; although he sometimes turned an envious glance upon the two brothers, when the wives and children were grouped around them.

"Dear little Willie Burns!" Helen would say to her youngest hope.

"Burns! Burns!" Ida would mischievously repeat, "I wonder if he is related to those wood-cutters!"

"Don't mind her, Helen," said Albert, as he saw Helen's visible annoyance.

"Nay, dear," said Ida, "it is but fair that she should have some punishment for the trouble she gave me when I was a little girl, and loved you so well. Often have I gone to my room, shedding brief but bitter tears over my love for the blind boy, and Helen's pride that so scorned my deep and true affection."

"No more tears, now, love. Helen is as happy to write her name Burns, now, as my foolish Ida. She scorns it no longer, although I confess that the name is homely enough, written or spoken."

"The dearest, sweetest in the world, Berty," she answered, involuntarily calling him by the old, childish appellation of other years. "All names are beautiful when they represent the beings we love. Whatever name they are called by,

> 'It hath a sweet and gentle sound,
> At which no glories dear to fame
> Come crowding round;
> But which the dreaming heart beguiles
> With holy thoughts and household smiles.'"

The object of education is to instil principles which are hereafter to guide and instruct us; facts are only desirable so far as they illustrate those principles; principles ought therefore to precede facts.

Jester's Picnic.

The Albany Knickerbocker says: Dentists, as well as apothecaries, meet with queer customers at times. A fellow not long since called on Dr. Frockway, the distinguished dentist, and wanted to have some cavities in his teeth filled up. The doctor examined his teeth carefully, and told him he did not see any cavities; but he must needs look again, for the fellow was confident there were several. The doctor again told him he could find none, and he went away. A week or so after they met each other, and he asked about those teeth.

"O," said the fellow, "what's-his-name over here filled them for me—he found four holes—pretty large ones, too. I knew they were there."

"Ah," replied the doctor, "I looked very careful and did not see any."

"Well," said he, he didn't find them till he'd drilled a well!"

Not long ago, at an evening party, a rather pompous, self-sufficient parson, who is sufficiently wealthy, was being the circle of gossip mongers with a discussion about the principle in metempsychosis. He believed in it, he said. He remembered what he had formerly been—ere he became "transmogrified" into a man.

"You do?" said a lady, near by.

"Yes, madam, I do."

"What were you, pray?"

"I'll leave you to guess," said he, with a complacent smile.

"I am not a Yankee."

"Well, I'll assist you. It was something very pleasant —something golden."

"O, I have it: *a golden calf!*"

Some time ago a fellow was charged in the Glasgow Police Court with stealing a herring barrel from a person in Stockwell Street. After the charge had been proved, the principal accuser addressed the magistrate:

"Deed, Sir Bailie, the man at the bar is a great rogue; the stealing of the barrel is nacthing to some of his tricks. He stole my sign-board last week, and what does your honor think he did wi't?"

Magistrate—"That would be hard for me to say."

"Weel, sir, I'll tell ye. He brought it into me own shop wi' my ain' name on't, and offered to sell me't, and he said he thought it would be mair use to me than anybody else."

At a distribution of prizes lately, in a German village, a little girl seven years old, whose parents had just been turned out of their lodging, because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the rector:

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all."

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then fixing her eye on her examiner, replied: "Probably they were turned out because they couldn't pay their rent!"

A cabin boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling, and said to the captain:

"Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?"

"Yes," was the stern reply.

"Well, then," replied Jack, looking up, and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore."

Flunkey—I beg your pardon, sir, but there is one thing I should like to mention at once. I am afraid—a—that I am expected to clean the boots.

Gentleman—Bless me! O dear, no! There must be some mistake; I always clean them myself—and if you will leave your shoes outside the door, I will give them a polish at the same time.

A Frenchman being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied Monsieur, "suppose you take one vice, put your finger in, you turn the screw till you can bear him no longer—dat is de rheumatism; den 'gene you give him one turn more—dat is de gout."

Talk not of music to a physician, nor of medicine to a fiddler, unless the fiddler should be sick, and the physician at a concert. He that speaks only of such objects as are familiar to himself, treats the company as the stork did the fox, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-billed fowl.

In a public vehicle not long ago, where a party of very fashionably dressed ladies were talking quite loudly with their beaux, much to the edification of the listeners, the following choice phrase escaped from the lips of one of the most loquacious of the lair ones: "O, the man that played that fiddle! That beat my eye right out!"

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy.

"I've gyphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, amputation, creation, and adoption."

He'd do for an engineer on a short line railroad.

"I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Otho is going crasy. For he's grinnin' at the plough, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes."

"Sho! old man! You don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter."

A gentleman stating that a person engaged in an extensive line of business had lately failed, was asked by a lady if he knew whom he succeeded in business; to which the gentleman replied, that "he did not know whom he succeeded, but it was evident that he did not succeed himself."

An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast at an inn, called to the waiting boy—"Donald, bring me more bread, I eat a good deal of bread to my steak."

Donald answered with much simplicity, "Ay, please your honor, and ye eat a good deal of steak to your bread."

A travelling English marquis, in the course of the grand tour, arrived at Berlin, weary of heading. When he went to rout at the close of his first day's residence, he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I have come to a place where there is nothing worth seeing!"

A conceited fellow, in introducing his friend into company, said, "Gentlemen, I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems."

The gentleman immediately replied, "That is exactly the difference between my friend and myself."

When a popular comedian, famous for acting Sir Francis Gripe (off as well as on the stage) was asked, in consequence of a run of very ill luck, to wait a little for his salary—which was £50 a week—he coolly took a chair, and replied: "Certainly, *I'll wait till it's paid.*"

"Where's Mrs. Muff?" asked an acquaintance, with a shawl round his shoulders, of Mr. Muff, who was shivering over a dying fire.

"Gone out," was the reply; "she has the shawl to-day —to-morrow 'll be my turn."

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